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American Board picture.

"THE LIFTED LOAD"

One Woman Is Helping Another to Put Her Load on Her Head

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FRIENDS OF AFRICA

BY

JEAN K. MACKENZIE

MRS. DONALD FRASER, M.D.

MRS. FREDERICK B. BRIDGMAN

AND

J. H. OLDHAM

EDITED BY JEAN K. MACKENZIE

Published by

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE
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THE Basic Theme of this study of modern conditions in Africa, and the part Christian friends of Africa may hope to play in meeting these conditions, is contributed by Mr. J. H. Oldham, Secretary of the International Missionary Council and Editor of The International Review of Missions. This comprehensive material was written by Mr. Oldham as a chapter, but has been used by the editor as a text to introduce the chapters which in turn are an effort to amplify and illustrate from American Mission sources the material contributed by Mr. Oldham.

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FOREWORD

ALL will welcome, with genuine delight, a new book by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, who gave us, ten years ago, "An African Trail" and "African Adventurers." In this latest book, "Friends of Africa," Miss Mackenzie takes us into wider fields, and, in addition to her own rich treasures of knowledge and experience, has collected valuable material from many sources. She introduces us to a New Africa and after this introduction, we cannot withhold our friendship from these people whom she has made so real.

With our friendship, if it be sincere, must go our service, our prayers and far more generous gifts of education, medical aid and spiritual guidance.

MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY, *Chairman*
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OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

The New Africa

Mr. Oldham asserts that there is—
- A new knowledge of Africa in our lifetime
- A new occupation of Africa
- A new economic development
- A new Christian interest in Africa

The chapter is developed as follows:
- The white man's new Africa—
  - Types of exploration
  - Types of explorers
- Elements of the black man's new Africa—
  - Contacts with white man's civilization
  - The slave trade
  - Modern Missions
  - Mechanical devices
  - Markets for produce
  - Markets for labor
- Elements of Christian students' new Africa—
  - Wider range of available knowledge of African
    - history
    - culture
    - change
    - needs
- Present day friends of Africa—
  - Government
  - Scientific
  - Missionary
- The Missionary's new Africa—
- Some modern appreciations of missions in Africa—
- A call to meet the new needs.

CHAPTER I

The New Fact of Africa

Foreword by J. H. Oldham

IT is not entirely outside the limits of possibility that this book may have among its readers one who has attained the age of eighty years. When that reader was born the world did not know, and a year or so later was slow to believe, that there were to be found in East Africa, almost on the equator, mountains covered with perpetual snow. Ten more years were to elapse before it became known that there were great sheets of water in Central Africa corresponding in size to the great lakes which lie between the United States and Canada. Our knowledge of the whole central part of the African Continent dates from a period spanned by the lifetime of those who are still in our midst.

But discovery and exploration are one thing; European occupation with all that follows from it is another. And this second development is of still more recent date. It falls within the lifetime of the children of our supposed oldest reader. It has to do with events which have taken place since the birth of those who are still in the late forties or early fifties. When the last quarter of last century began, less than a tenth of the area of the African continent was held by European

nations. Since, however, more than one-half of the area included in this estimate was under the purely nominal sovereignty of Portugal, it would be nearer the mark to say that only a twentieth part of the continent was under effective European occupation. Within the last fifty years the entire continent, with the exception of Egypt, Abyssinia and Liberia, has passed under the control of western peoples.

A new continent has within the memory of the living generation been brought into the main stream of human life and history. Areas approximately four times as large as the United States, or three times as large as Europe, have been added to the potential sources of the world's supply of raw materials. Something like a hundred million of human beings, who for the most part have never progressed so far as to develop the art of writing, have been swept into the fierce currents of our western industrialized civilization. All this has happened as it were in a night. It has taken place so suddenly that we can hardly yet understand what it all means.

The motive which has led to the opening up of Africa has been predominantly an economic one. The western nations have felt increasingly the need of the products of the tropics, on which our industrial civilization is becoming more and more dependent. The demand for rubber led to the exploitation of the Congo. The requirements of

Mrs. Springer's picture.

The Great Zimbabwe Wall, Prehistoric Remains, S. E. Moshonaland

the mills of Lancashire have brought about a great development of cotton-growing in British East Africa. In Uganda this has brought to the native peoples a sudden accession of wealth, which in a recent year, amounted to $15,000,000. Dr. Shantz, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, estimates that in East Africa alone there are 90,000,000 acres capable of growing cotton, an area three times as large as the land under cotton cultivation in the United States. The Gold Coast produces a third of the total world's supply of cocoa. These are but a few illustrations out of many of the wealth, actual and potential, of this vast new continent and of its capacity to supply in increasing measure the wants of human society throughout the world.

Nor is the wealth of Africa confined to crops. Minerals exist beneath the soil. Half of the world's gold supply and by far the greater part of its supply of diamonds are produced in South Africa. The discovery of these mines has brought about revolutionary changes in the history of the subcontinent. The copper mines at Katanga in the Belgian Congo have a large and increasing output. Tin mining is carried on in Nigeria. Coal and iron ore are known to exist in South Africa and in other parts of the continent.

The interest of western nations in the material resources and economic development of Africa is natural and legitimate. Its wealth was intended

for human consumption. Provided that just regard is had to the rights and needs of the native inhabitants, western knowledge and enterprise have their place in making available for the good of mankind as a whole the natural resources of the continent.

But while an interest in what Africa is capable of producing is justifiable and proper, it falls far short of the Christian attitude to the great new fact of Africa. In the Christian view, which sets a far higher value on persons than on things, the African interest of supreme importance is the destiny and welfare of the millions of human beings, who have been suddenly swept into the main stream of human history and who are struggling to find support amid the fierce and unfamiliar currents of the life of the twentieth century. From the Christian standpoint there can be no question that the Divine intention in the contact of the more progressive peoples of the west with the less advanced peoples of Africa is that the latter should be helped through the richer experience of the more favored races to enter into a fuller and more satisfying life.

Life eternal.

CHAPTER I

By Jean K. Mackenzie

Three Friends of Africa

AS I have been working on the manuscript of this book, three great servants of Africa have died. On August 30, 1927, J. E. K. Aggrey died in New York City; the next day Sir Harry Johnston died in England, and in the latter days of September, word was received of the death of Mrs. Mary K. Edwards in Inanda, Natal, South Africa.

Mrs. Edwards was ninety-eight years of age, and she had served Africa for fifty-two years. She it was who founded Inanda Seminary, the first boarding school for Zulu girls, and at this present day one of the best. She was a modern woman all her days—at the inception of her work with her primitive girls, she established a domestic science course, bought land, and began to raise poultry. In her eighties she studied nursing that she might be able to train Zulu women. She might be said to stand at the door of Mr. Oldham's *New Africa* as the Christian servant of that country.

Sir Harry Johnston died at the age of sixty-nine. In his time he had been a Government administrator in East, West, and Central Africa, ruling vast territories with the noblest fidelity. He was an explorer of unfrequented Africa, and a most notable student of her languages. He was of the highest type of British Colonial official and a studi-

ous friend of Africa; he followed her good with a constant devotion for the better part of Mr. Oldham's fifty years, and he stands at the door of the *New Africa.*

James Emman Kwegwir Aggrey died in his fifty-third year, carrying with him innumerable honors, distinctions, and the hopes that had grown up about him in this country and in his native land. Dr. Aggrey was a Fanti, born on the Gold Coast near Cape Coast Castle. Anamabu was his home town. He was of a noble family counting back along eleven generations; many of his forbears were rulers and leaders of his tribe, and Dr. Aggrey through his mother had claims to five West African thrones. Dr. Aggrey was educated in the English Wesleyan Mission School at Cape Coast Castle. Under the shadow of that old fort he was trained to be a teacher and a minister. When he was twenty years of age, an organization of American negroes of the American Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, which has a mission on the Gold Coast, invited him to come to America. He was later a professor in one of their institutions—Livingstone College in North Carolina.

In the years that Dr. Aggrey spent in America he accumulated twelve scholastic degrees; he won his Ph.D. and D.D. from Columbia University. During the years of 1920-21 he was a member of the Phelps Stokes Educational Commissions on their epoch-making surveys of Africa. The mem-

bers of these Commissions have ever acclaimed the value to them, in their African contacts, of the presence of Dr. Aggrey. In 1924 he was called to the vice-principalship of the Prince of Wales College, the Native University College of Achimota on the Gold Coast. No greater compliment could have been paid to a friend of Africa than this call to an institution so auspiciously established for the higher education of her people. Sir Gordon Guggisberg, late Governor of the Gold Coast, a most successful administrator and a practical idealist, writes: "Only a real faith that lifted him above himself could have sustained him during the past three years. And he had that faith, the faith of a genuine Christian. The essence of Aggrey was that he was an African, undisturbed by his western education or his long sojourn and brilliant scholastic career in the United States."

"He clearly saw that changes must come," Sir Gordon continues, "but he felt that these must not alter his people's personality, spirit and character as Africans. It was on this task, brimful of energy, overflowing in long and impassioned speeches, that he started in the Phelps Stokes Commission. It was this task he continued when he came to Achimota. It was for this task—'for my people who want me'—that he refused high advancement and considerably greater salary in an American University.

"No trouble was too great for him. No help

that he could give was ever refused. Aggrey was the finest interpreter which the present century has produced of the white man to the black, and the black man to the white. It was to the better understanding by the one of the other to which he devoted himself. Who that heard him will readily forget his simile of the white and black keys of the piano both being necessary for melody?"

"You have," the little tribute closes, "laid the foundations for the road along which your beloved Africans are marching."*

Dr. Aggrey stands at the door of the *New Africa* not as friend only, or servant only, but for us who come to the door,—as host. If we follow him in, we shall understand the better what we see.

The Emergence of Africa

When did Africa begin to be New Africa? When, even, did it begin to be Africa? For many millions of men and women, Africans of the past, there was no Africa. They lived and died and were buried on a nameless soil; for them it was: "Our forest, our beach, the forest of our tribe." That forest and beach, and the soil in which the women planted the seed, and the stars that shone over the clearings at night—these were old. So were the customs of the people—as old as the birth of men. There were rivers with local names, there were

* Quoted from a September issue of the *Christian Science Monitor.*

tribes with names, some of the stars had names, there were names for the Creator of men. But there was no name that gathered the great continent under its wing, and there was no racial consciousness that gathered the tribes under one banner. Then Africa and the African races were without form and void.

But gradually the shape of Africa took form in the mind of the white man. "Did you come through the sky?" the chief of Punt (and that was Somaliland) asked the commander of a fleet of five ships sent out by Queen Hatshepsu. But they had not come through the sky; it would be many a century before an African chief would gaze upward to a white man in the sky. Africa was shaped not from an airview but by word of mouth, from the word of a caravan going south from Egypt single file, from the log of a fleet of ships going south by way of the Red Sea, or a fleet of ships built in the Red Sea for Neco, perfected in beauty, manned by Phenicians, disappearing south by east along the coasts of the unknown,—and if we are to believe Herodotus telling of them many years after, returning by way of the west into the Mediterranean. Herodotus himself, seeking the sources of the Nile, questioning the short-haired priests of the Elephantine, the Ivory Island—asking the questions that were to torment the explorers of the eighteenth century and the nineteenth century. Hanno with his great fleet of sixty ships,

and his great scheme for a colony, lying off Sierra Leone, seeing the seasonal fires, hearing the drumming and the fluting and the shouting of an unknown people, and coming to the *Island of the Gorrillas*, where the great scheme was abandoned and the ships set sail for the north—"for our food failed us." All these and many others, and many sailors among them, brought back tales to tell, and every tale went to the making of Africa. At the close of recorded ancient explorations, the Cinnamon Country, or Somaliland, is agreed to be the most southerly point of the habitable world.

Then for centuries the Africans were left to their dancing, their drumming, their gold and their ivory. It was not yet the day for the man from the sky. But on the 10th of January, 1415—and it was a windy day—Prince Henry of Portugal was ready to set sail with a fleet of ships on the first of modern explorations of the Coast of Africa. He had come from Lisbon to take leave of his dying mother. She asked, "What wind blows so strongly against the side of the house?" And when she was told, "It is the wind from the north," she said: "It is the wind most favorable for your departure."

That was the first of a long series of such departures, and the mother of Prince Henry of Portugal was the first of a long series of mothers to feel the north wind driving her thoughts to the south and to Africa.

Types of Explorers

The passions that have lain at the root of the pursuit of Africa were typical in the Portuguese voyages. Prince Henry of Portugal is the very Prince of the passion of discovery. Gonsalves returning from Sierra Leone in 1441, with a handful of gold dust and thirty negroes, is the very pioneer in the passion for the wealth of Africa. Luigi Ca da Mosto is the very type of the passionate adventurer—"Now I, Luigi Ca da Mosto, had sailed nearly all the Mediterranean Coasts. My age, my health, my vigor, my skill are equal to any toil; above all my passionate desire to see the world and explore the unknown set me all on fire with eagerness." Bartholomeu Dias, who rounded the Cape of Good Hope and does not know it; who is homeward bound and sees again on the island of Santa Cruz the stone cross which he had there erected and who mourns to leave that cross "as if he were leaving his child in the wilderness with no hope of ever seeing him again"—he is the very type of the man who has struck a root into the soil of Africa and may not be divided from it. The friar Mauro working at home in Portugal on his great wall map of Africa, recording every detail of every voyage—he is the type of passionate recorder, the historian of that human quest that must know Africa—her rivers, her mountains, her riches, her tribes, their languages, their customs and their very hearts. Until this quest is ended

there will be no peace in the mind of the white man. And the crosses themselves that were by order of Prince Henry set up along the coasts of Africa—for he would have the heathen to be Christian—these are the blaze upon the new trail into the Christian adventure in Africa; and Diego Gomez sitting on the bank of the Gambia answering that one who asked about the God of the Christians—"as God had given me to know"—he was the first of many to be sitting by the banks of the rivers of Africa and telling her people about the things of God.

By the end of the fifteenth century youth, vigor, skill, passionate desire sailing in high ships with crosses on the sails, had accomplished this—they had created the coasts of Africa. The outline was complete. The maps were vivid with the strange flora, the strange animals, the strange domestic life of the Africans. These were the wonder of fireside dreamers at home; they are still legible to the African traveller of today. He knows those wooded shores, those elephants, those little negro boys, those pointed roofs in cluster—they are an old story to him, but in 1500 they were *New Africa.*

And each generation of white men since then has had a new Africa—the gift in the main of enduring travellers, young, curious, who have gone out unarmed to secure her treasures, to know the sources of her rivers, the water sheds of the con-

tinent, and her material secrets. Many of them are forgotten; Sir Harry Johnston reminds us that in the period of the Portuguese explorations unnumbered soldiers and missionaries plunged into the continent of Africa never to return. But there are names and adventures that are remembered, never to be forgotten by the white man, and to be cherished in time by the fully cognizant African, and honored in their kind and their degree. Already throughout Africa, wherever there is a man to tell the tale, Livingstone begins to be known for what he was—and that was the discoverer of middle Africa and the great pleader for the African people.

What Were Africans Thinking

To the tribes that saw the sails and the ships of the Portuguese they looked like great birds. And to the tribes of the Belgian Congo the first airplanes that cast their shadow and came to rest there, these too looked like birds. Between the coming of these two birds there must have been growing in the African mind and for him, too, a new Africa. It is not a great bird that comes in from the sea, nor a fish as they presently thought, but it is the white man. All down the west coast and the south coast and the east coast and then presently along the trails of the forest, there comes the white man. He does not come directly from God as is at first supposed. He is not comprehensible. He has chronic curiosities. He must

know the truth about Prester John. He must learn the truth about rivers. He desires gold. Lest these curiosities and these desires should not be perfectly clear, he recurs to them everywhere in his smattering of whatever dialect. He develops his agents. He carries off four negresses and returns them dressed in velvet with gold dust in their hands and a question about Prester John on their tongues—that they who had access to their own people might spread the gospel of the white men's passionate desires.* And he carries off negroes that never return. He carries off negroes that return and are wise indeed. They contribute to the black man's New Africa—it must be so. He spreads his wares on the African beaches—and they are observed. Barter strikes its root into that soil and there is a New Africa. Trade. Trade in ivory and in gold—not without an element of violence in the trading, but not a violent trade. And then, as if it were suddenly—the Slave Trade!

This is not a book about the Slave Trade, but who could envisage the negro watching the revelations of the Slave Trade, and not take thought of that element in his New Africa. The negro in historical times has sustained two great major disillusionments—one was the long and incredible fury of the Slave Trade—another was the World War. Between these two lessons on his New Africa he has built up a knowledge and deductions which are not

* Dias did this.

within our capacity to share. The Slave Trade is a lesson not wholly conned as yet. Say, it is a field not fully reaped. Its power to startle and distract the soul of man is not exhausted; it has not yet perhaps reached its crest—there are primitive negroes still to be aware of it, and there are the young and the noble of the white races who must still bear to read how, and when, and after what fashion, millions of human beings were packed in ships, and hawked about the world, and thrown into the sea, and sold where the profits were sure. There are children growing up in the quiet town of Concord, Massachusetts, who have yet to learn whose is the grave of John Jack, and how he comes to be lying there, whose father lies in a soil that was New Africa for him on the day his son was carried away.

There are books yet to be written about the Slave Trade, we are yet to know ourselves as we are, and to acknowledge the slave trader that is in our own hearts. It is to be said of the African that never, since the day the white man appeared like a son of God among them, has he been safe from enslavement. There are plantations of cocoa today in the possession of ignoble people where the African is at work by no will of his own. The excuse for this is a need of him.

The White Man's Needs

The present day need of the African is quite frank. The negress with gold in her hand was a

code expression of our need of the gold of Africa. It is a strange thing that a diamond engagement ring and a gold wedding ring should be taking people to knock at the door of Africa—but so it is, and once the miner is admitted—you have the Rand in South Africa where so many thousands of Africans live behind stockades—and the mines in Kimberley. They live in a New Africa. Their home villages, from which the white man has called them, and where their dominating presence is missed, are other than they were. All the circumstance in the home village, and all the circumstance of the cotton field, of the rubber plantation, is the mold for New Africa—and on the grand scale. In an old mine at Quagga on the east coast there has been found a sixpence of the time of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1577, and in another old mine a piece of Chinese money—tokens of the New Africa of those days when men threaded an unknown continent on trails, and left a hole in the ground and a fallen sixpence to show for their passing. There are the white forts of the west coast to show for the miners of the seventeenth century. These, too, passed on their feet by the trails of the forest, and their New Africa was exactly limited to the travelling capacity of a man—it was a circumscribed zone of change. But the road in the forest, the rail in the forest, the 35,000 miles of rail in Africa, the shadow of the flier's wing on her desert places—these are the cords of an inescap-

able net of change. The white man's line has gone out through all the earth of Africa—there is no place hid from his intention. There was in an Economic Supplement of the British *Times*, date of 1923, a statement to the effect that "upon tropical Africa the economic salvation of the British Isles will ultimately depend."

The white man's need has been expressed throughout Africa by his mechanical devices—the devices by which he himself has been altered past belief in the last hundred years are set to modify the black man over night. There is not a wheel that turns in the forest but an African custom is broken on it. It is not possible that you who read this book should know how literally this is to be taken, but it is expected of you that you shall read with imagination the new literature about Africa. There is within the last ten years a vast new and vastly interesting literature covering her history, ethnology, folklore, custom, and change. And the history of African change is that literature which must engage your attention if you are indeed what your mothers were—and that was a tribe of women truly interested in African needs and in their duty toward those needs.

The Missionary and Africa

The Christian women of the last century read about Africa what was current to be read, and this reading included the incomparable writings of

David Livingstone—these were appearing serially when your grandmothers began to bestir themselves in behalf of the African. They read of him with a kind of horror and pity. He was a strange creature of strange and unnatural vices—lost in a great darkness, he lived an incomprehensible and disordered existence, without a shirt to his back or a shoe to his foot. He had been the victim of white greed as they well knew. But he was their brother in Christ, or so they were bound to believe, and to act upon that belief. Acting on that belief they sent out to Africa their missionaries and these were noble men and women. The excessive nobility of the early missionaries is a major theme in every history of pioneer work in Africa; and it must be said that the men and women sent under such banners did so comport themselves that their biographies have not their betters for adventure, endurance, piety, yes and wisdom. It is easy to read them; they will be read more rather than less with time; with time the fully conscious African will read them, modern types of approbation will seal them, and their adventures will have a nostalgic fascination in a fully explored world. The best of these books are seasoned with laughter; they are sad, they are tragic, they recount with the utmost simplicity the projection of human endurance into the realm of the unsuspected, and over and above all they witness to the presence and the power of God in His work in the world.

A Modern Mission Caravan Following an Old Trail

But you might read them forever, and be unprepared for the Africa of today, and it is with the Africa of today that the Christian of today has to do.

New Aspects

Speke, in 1863 began his book by saying, "I profess accurately to describe naked Africa—Africa in those places where it has not received the slightest impluse, whether for good or evil, from European civilization." And he kept his word. M. Louis Franck, speaking at the Belgian Conference in 1926, says of Belgian Central Africa that his government meant this region to be "a country for the black man." But in the same breath he had been telling us of his arrival at a remote place in the Congo where two airplanes had come down —one of them the male bird, so the people said, as it had alighted first to see that all was safe for the female bird. And that you may be sure was the beginning of a migration. You must be prepared, if you open the window of your mind toward Africa, to have an airplane fly in. You must be prepared for the sound of passing trains, for the rattle of machinery, for the rustle of corn, for the odor of tobacco, for the great fields of cotton, for rubber in huge quantities, for cocoa in huge quantities, for the sparkle of diamonds, for the flow from Africa's golden fountains of the gilt of palm oil, for the passing of river boats and for ships warped up to a dock in Lagos. Yes, you may ponder this

—that the Lagos bar and its tradition of danger and destruction is no more. No more the old song, "Beware, beware the Bight of Benin, One has come out where forty went in." No more talk about the white man's grave, no more "Alone in Africa." No more Dark Continent—cities now, and electric light plants, mines, labor and labor problems. And terrible, tangled race relations. All these things that you used in thought to escape when you turned your mind to Africa—there they are, forcing you to add to your feeling for the African, and your will to serve the African, the painful service of thought. Yes, because while even now it is a dark continent, where many and many a man is alone and falls away into a lonely grave, the problems of Africa to which you must set yourself are not these.

The problems of Africa—are they not beaten out on all the drums? She has agricultural problems—her diet is incomplete. She has health problems, and government problems, and industrial problems of the first magnitude, and race problems of curious sorts, and even problems as to where she shall lay her head—her land problems. There is no literate man in the world who is brotherly minded, or astute, or even curious, but must now know from books and word of mouth and the drummings of the daily press, that now if ever—Africa needs a friend. It is known too that her fate is of the most practical concern to the rest of

the world. "The wind that stirs one leaf of the forest stirs all the leaves."

Present Day Friends

The friends of Africa gather in Belgium—at Le Zoute in 1926—Governors and scientists and teachers and missionaries, to speak of her needs. They bring their money and their power and their wisdom to meet her needs. They leave their own villages, and their soft and easy living. Miss Mabel Carney, walking out of Teachers College, Columbia University, is presently travelling on foot by lantern light at the dead of night in the forests of Liberia. She is on her way to bring her wisdom and experience to bear upon the problems of Africa. Not Livingstone himself travelled further in Africa than Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones and his companions did, on their journeys of survey, when they mapped and noted the educational equipment and educational institutions of the entire continent—calling the attention of the civilized world to the African as a man and a woman worthy of education and to be educated. There is the Rockfeller Foundation giving two million dollars toward the building and equipment of a tropical school of medicine in London, and there in Nigeria near Lagos is the little settlement of their research workers. These are but a part of the American supplement to the efforts of the French and the British as noted by Mr. Oldham

in a part of his text. All these friends of Africa mapping out the needs of Africa, counting the babies of Africa, noting the crops of Africa, and peering into her kettles. The Prince of Wales visiting Africa, and promising to be her friend—the Crown Prince of Belgium making of his maiden political speech a promise of friendship to Africa—these and many others are the friends of the New Africa; the noble hearted of the earth are noting her need, and the meeting of it is, they say, a task of the first magnitude. And that time is of the element of the need. And that nothing, they say, is too good for Africa.

Yes, it is a great message on the drum and a beating of many drums. But long, long ago there rose a faint drumming from the forest and it was the message of a dying man—"Let good men never be lacking for Africa." Who said that? And before that, Melville Cox, poor fellow, living less than five months in Liberia, and long enough to drum out his prophetic message—"Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up." And before that a drumming that was heard by Prince Henry—Mani Congo asking for priests to convert his people, masons, carpenters, laborers to break in oxen for his people to use, and women to make bread. This was a message of the most profound wisdom, from prince to prince, and involved the welfare of a race. Listen well and learn how wisdom was not born with us—how long ago people

were wise. Listen to Thomas Fowell Buxton drumming in 1837 the need of Africa for the gospel and the plow. Listen to the black Bishop Crowther drumming for his people the need of the gospel and the need of the plow. Listen to a master drummer proclaiming, in the middle of the last century, of longitudes and latitudes and rivers and lakes and slavery and the need of commerce and the kinds of soil and the kinds of Africans and the kinds of their needs and their supreme need of Christ. That was Livingstone. And presently a sound of Mackay striking out his message on his anvil; and then an anvil chorus from the new industrial missions that were established by the Christian church in the seventies, Lovedale, Blantyre, Livingstonia, Umtali, Muhlenberg, Amanzimtota —and some of these, as you see, American missions.

These were the friends of Africa—many of them one man drummers, proclaiming with their tool in hand the needs of Africa and the program as they conceived it, of the Christian mission to her people. All honor to them and we would have been happier had we been more alert to the signal. Yet it is to be remembered that as a direct result of the missionary efforts of the latter part of the last century ten elevenths of the education of Africa is in missionary hands today, that in Uganda there is a sixth of the people Christian, that almost the whole of Nyasaland is covered by a network of Christian schools, and that in 1928 the great and

many Missions of the Congo will celebrate their Jubilee.

These things were never done, as C. R. Enoch suggests in his admirable book on *The Tropics* that they were done, by excesses of sentiment and the extorted pittances of housemaids. Those Christian housemaids who put their hand to the work in Africa did it of free will, let us credit them with that, and they were not alone in their efforts. The Kingdom of God in Africa is coming about as the Cathedral of Chartres rose after its burning, by the service of men of every trade, rank and station—the poor harnessed with the rich. If you were to ask Dan Crawford of the kind of men and women who supported his work, he would tell you, were he living, that they were of every kind. And so would every foreign mission board tell you. There are gentle ladies generous to Africa for Christ's sake, who could not bear to read, were I to write it, the life history of almost any Bulu friend of mine. As there are old Bulu women who must press upon the home-going missionary a packet of peanuts—"for the one who bore you"—generous to that unknown white woman to whom they are bound by the bonds of love in Christ.

A book might be written about inept invasions of Africa, another about inept encounters of black men and white men. But explorers and adven-

turers and missionaries have all had tales to tell of the friends they have had there. It is strange to think how much this has been so, when the chasm to be bridged has been measured. Consider that old Nigerian chief who was surprised on an October day of 1850 by Lander, and who rushed upon him with bow bent and the arrow trembling on the string. "It was a highly critical moment," says Lander, "but we immediately held forth our hands; all (the chief's people) trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces—he eagerly grasped our proffered hands and burst into tears." "I thought you were children of heaven fallen from the skies," he told Lander, and was thereafter his friend. Mungo Park, cast by his adventures into the great Nigerian city of Sego, sitting all day without food in the shade of a tree, shunned and feared for his strangeness by the curious natives, found a friend before night. A negro woman took him by the hand, led him to her hut, put him to bed on her sleeping mat, broiled him a fish, and while she and her companions spun cotton they sang him a song:

"The winds roared, the rains fell, the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him his corn—

"Let us pity the white man, no mother has he!"

On such basis of common humanity many a man and woman has found a friend in Africa. Clap-

perton, the explorer, tells of "an extraordinary rumor" which preceded him on his second voyage —that he had come to restore peace to warring tribes and to do good to the lands he explored. Old hopes and old sayings brought home by travellers—"I thought you were children of Heaven, I thought you had come down from above, I thought you were children of God." How moving they are and how different from the song Dr. Lerrigo heard from the lips of the Congo boatmen on a day of his visit to his mission in 1921—

"The white man has fallen in the water
Too bad, too bad!
The white man has drowned in the river
Too bad, too bad!

Never mind, there are plenty more white men!"*

Yes, that is an authentic voice of Africa. And here is another: "It is Ethiopia which in my person presents to you her most profound gratitude." This is the voice of the Prince Regent of Abyssinia, addressing the missionaries of Addis Ababa whom he has invited to a dinner in their honor.

"Not alone on my behalf have I invited you to come tonight, you men who have come from the remotest countries of Sweden and America, but on behalf of her whom you came to serve with such

* Rock Breakers p. 65; P. H. J. Lerrigo, M. D.

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At the House Door, Uganda

a spirit of self-denial; it is Ethiopia which in my person presents to you her most profound gratitude. . . . You are not teaching them (the young people) solely how to read and write—but are also instructing them to be good servants of their country and to consider such service among sacred things. You teach them that what brings honor and greatness to human beings is justice and helping each other. You have taken as the basis of your work the words of the Gospel, 'The man who gave to the poor loaned to God.' I must thank in an especial way Dr. Lambie who, obeying an inner calling, has left the great country of America, crossing oceans to bring to Ethiopia his worthy, Christian, beneficial work and to serve humanity by taking care of the public health."*

So it is not Dr. Lambie who is being left to drown in the river with a derisive regret. Not he nor another missionary, for it is believed of them that they have come to do the people good. It is believed by black men and white men that a mission station is a leaven in what is to be the bread of Africa. The tribes of Africa believe that their sick will be healed there, that their children will be educated and that there will be spoken to them the word of God. These are major concerns to the African people—to attain these ends they will walk many miles and sleep many nights on the way.

* Education in East Africa p. 332; Report of the Phelps Stokes Commission.

New Expectations of Missions

And other expectations of the missionary are entertained, as you who have read the prologue by Mr. Oldham will remember—it is expected by the colonial governments under which they work that the mission forces shall be part of a coöperating body, working with the Government to civilizing and progressive ends. There is a human problem here too and a violence of adjustment, for the average missionary who has reached middle age finds himself, along with the black man, in a New Africa. He who passed the first ten or twenty years lost in the forests of the Congo or on the sands of Nigeria or among the waterways of the great lakes, living back into the lives of the local tribes and rejoicing at the rare passing of a trader, may wake this very midnight to a radio message from overseas. London and the very telephone girls in London are heard by lonely missionaries in lonely African forests. Try to think of the missionary, standing between a primitive people who are his people by the act of love and the exercise of intelligence, and a civilization which has been assimilating new ideals in his own lost years, and you will understand that he is indeed in need of wisdom. He needs wisdom in all least little ways of contact with men and women and with little children, speaking to them in their own language, and in the very spirit of their own language, of the Things of God and of their daily life. He must

know how, as Mrs. Ennis says, "to correlate the daily round, the common task, with the highest issues of the heart." And he must have wisdom in extensive ways, for it is hoped of his institutions that they will be the means of supplying both the machinery and the ideals of a Christian civilization. Dr. Jones says as much of the missionary institution of Livingstonia. And it is expected of him that he shall so deal with his people that they shall emerge from his influence and his institutions intact—an African, racially typical. To these ends he strives, diverse though they be. Of his success none knows better than he that it has its limit. The limit is not in the Lord whom he serves, but within himself, his personal, temperamental, educational limit. Against this limit of strength and temperament and equipment he presses day and night. That it is given him to expand beyond his limit you need only think of Mary Slessor to know. And the limit is also in you who are at home, who do not read his pleas with understanding, who do not pray or give for your work in Africa as he had hoped. It is safe to say that if the mind of the Church had been early open to the programs of Crowther, of Mackay, of one and another far-seeing missionary, the development of Africa would have been further advanced than it is today. But even so, when we take stock of our limited success, as we should do, it can still be said by Dr. Jones that missionaries are the pioneers of effective internationalism.

"The human interest of the missions, mistaken though it may at times have been in form and application, is a tremendous asset of Western civilization, as against other kinds of interests manifested in all time. Those who are concerned in the self-expression or self-determination of races will do well to ascertain how far missionaries have preceded them in this interest. Likewise, those who believe in the interdependence and altruism of nationalities will find cause for appreciation and even gratitude in the decades upon decades of missionary service to other peoples and other parts of the world, however widely separated by oceans and languages and colors and strange customs. The missionaries have not been content merely to write and talk about these interests in others. They have literally gone out "unto the uttermost parts of the earth," where diseases raged and the tropical heat burned and famine was abroad and, worst of all, where the insignificant ones spurned them and all their good intentions and their eager longings to serve. Missionaries have subconsciously or unconsciously for many years been putting into practice what social science and sound economies and common sense are now urging; namely, that humanity is the primary consideration in good government, good business, good society and a good world. They are thus the pioneers of effective internationalism, sound colonial policy, coordination of labor and resources, and many other improvements related to the conservation of humanity.

"In the search for concrete evidence to prove or disprove these emphatic conclusions students of missionaries and missions are urged to seek out the answer to such questions as: Who are the interpreters of the Native languages and customs? Who know the Native home, the relationship of parents to children, of children to each other, of the facilities and supplies of food and its preparation? Who know the position of women in the tribe and in the colony, their influence, their burdens, their capacities, their responsibilities? Who know the ravages of disease in the little communities, the preven-

table causes of sickness and death, the reckless drains on vitality? Who care whether recreations are healthful and moral or devitalizing and demoralizing? Who realize and condemn the oppressive systems of tribal customs, of labor peonage, of government indifference or severity? Who strive to impart the influences of education and to open the door to the discoveries of civilization? Who see behind the black countenance the potentialities of manhood and womanhood? Above all else, who are willing to give life itself that the inspirations of great ideals, great truths, great faiths may become motivating powers in the minds of African people? The answers to these questions asked in East, West, South and Central Africa have convinced the Education Commissions that missions are vital to all co-operative effort for Africa and Africans. Furthermore, they are vital to Western civilization and Christianity, for their little churches and their imposing cathedrals distributed far and wide throughout Europe and America are cultivating a spirit of service that cannot be limited by language, color, nationality or previous condition of servitude or custom."*

Thus far have we come and with such degree of honor. It may be said of the Christian Church that she has created by devotion and self-sacrifice those units in Africa to which is due, on the word of C. P. Lucas, "the advancement, industrial as well as spiritual, of the native races of Africa."

Our Part in Our Time

Thus far have we come, and as we look back over the way, we seem to have come far. We seem at last, after weary journeys by foot, by hammock,

* Education in East Africa p. 89; Report of the Phelps Stokes Commission.

by oxcart, by muleback, to have been set by the Hand of God in a large room. That is what Father Victor of the Transvaal says of Africa and of the Church of God at work there. Many fell by the way as we came here; it is said of the University Missions alone that they lost in sixty years, one hundred of their company; and all our fellows of the past suffered in travel, in health, in isolation and in living conditions, more than their successors will know. Not one of them as they came, but met a man who asked for news of God, and not one of them but, like Diego Gomez, answered as God had given him to know. One and all, they tried to do the good that was hoped of them. And so shall we do our part in our time and in the Large Room, where we are beset by difficulties other than those they knew, who went before us. For the Christian missionary in Africa is under an extreme pressure of demand. The times demand emergency action and of a high order.

And while we rush to meet the opportunity—or do not rush to meet it—the Spirit of God is before us. Let all Christian people read and ponder the story that all African missionaries are telling,* of that one Harris, native of Liberia, who began in 1914 to preach the Gospel in the out-of-the-way places of the West Coast of Africa. He told all he knew about Christ. He could not read, but he carried a Bible, advising the people who heard

* The Story of the Ivory Coast; F. Deaville Walker.

him gladly, to buy Bibles, that they might be ready when a man should come who could read to them. He taught them to sing to God, and they built churches for their Bibles. In 1924, ten years after the passage of Harris, there were found to be thirty thousand people still waiting for their promised help, still frequenting their many churches where their Bibles still lay upon the altars. The Wesleyan Methodist Mission has undertaken, with help from other Missions, to care for these faithful and ignorant people. But the Church of God may well question her own part in a story so pitiful and so much her own affair. In that New Africa which Mr. Oldham outlines for us, and where for us as Christians the interest of supreme importance is the destiny and welfare of millions of those human beings who are, as he tells us, so suddenly swept out of their immemorial groove, and who must struggle to find foothold in a new world, how shall we be guiltless if we do not play our part? "The river goes crooked," say the Bulu, "because it goes alone."

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

The Human Problem

Mr. Oldham asserts—That the population of Africa is sparse

That the people of Africa are unready for the present changes

That the duty of the friends of Africa lies in effort to help the African toward development

Physical Intellectual Moral

That this problem is complex; without parallel; economic; industrial; complicated by racial and cultural mixtures.

That it is one of the greatest of human tasks.

The chapter is developed as follows—

Primitive African aspects—Past; Present.

Primitive Occupations—Crafts—Dwellings—Villages and cities—Religious beliefs—Languages—Types of government—Family ties.

The primitive woman in particular, as Agriculturist; Crafts woman; Homemaker; Mother.

Some elements of change among these primitives—

Mechanical devices—Transportation—New types of government—New thoughts of time; space; personal liberty.

New aspects of the women in particular.

A Pioneer Station of Today

CHAPTER II

A Human Problem

Foreword by J. H. Oldham

EVEN from the lower economic standpoint, which is for the majority of people the most direct approach to the fact of Africa, it is becoming increasingly evident that the problem of the continent is fundamentally a human problem. Nothing has done more perhaps to bring this home to the public mind than the fact of the sparseness of the population throughout the greater part of tropical Africa. An illustration will make clear what this means. The area of the five territories in East Africa under British administration—Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika Territory, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia—is more than half the size of India. But while the population of India is 318 millions, that of British East Africa is only 12 millions. Not only is the population in most of tropical Africa scanty, but there are reasons to fear that in many parts of the continent it may be actually decreasing. It is obvious that, if the population is insufficient, the great potential wealth of Africa cannot be developed and that even from the economic standpoint the health and welfare of the human inhabitants of the con-

tinent is of fundamental importance. It is no less clear that the development of the resources of the continent demands a population that is not only increasing in numbers and improving in health and physical efficiency, but is at the same time growing in intelligence and in the main contented with the new conditions in which it finds itself.

Mr. Amery, the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, said in a recent speech: "The people of Africa at present are neither in numbers, physique nor intelligence capable of coping with the great task before Africa, and the duties of statesmen lie in the physical, moral and intellectual development of the Africans." He does not say "the duties of missionaries," or "of educators" but "of statesmen." In other words, if we take education in the broad sense of promoting the advancement of human beings in health and knowledge and capacity and character, what Mr. Amery tells us is that the problem of government in Africa is primarily and fundamentally an educational problem. The most important factor in the African problem is the human factor. Beyond the exciting task of developing the resources of a new continent lies the still more fascinating opportunity of helping in the advancement of a race.

This human problem of the continent of Africa, which has emerged with such startling suddenness,

is one of extraordinary complexity. The situation is one for which there is scarcely any precedent or parallel in the history or experience of mankind. Into this newly discovered continent there is being poured western capital to develop its immense potential resources, and as a result of the introduction of western capital there are arising the economic and industrial problems with which we are familiar in our western capitalistic civilization. But in Africa these industrial problems are complicated by the racial problem. The distinction between employers and employed tends to coincide with a difference of race. A still further complication is the political problem which results from the rule of one people over another, such as Great Britain has experienced in Ireland, India and Egypt, and America in the Philippines. And most difficult of all, perhaps, are what one may call the cultural problems which arise through the impact of the highly complex, progressive and restless civilization of the west on the life of peoples who are for the most part in some of the earliest stages of human progress. The twentieth century is rushing into Africa with the speed of an express train. One may see a native using matches as if he had been accustomed to them all his life in a hut in which may be found hanging the flint which a year or two before was his sole means of obtaining light. In a single generation the peoples

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of Africa are becoming used to the processes, arts and tools of civilization which in the west represent the slow and gradual growth of hundreds of years.

These economic, political, racial and cultural problems are all intermingled, and together create one of the greatest tasks which mankind has ever been called to undertake. Not only is it extraordinarily difficult and complex, but it is on a continental scale and has come upon the western world so unexpectedly and quickly as to find that world largely unprepared for dealing with it. It is a world task of such magnitude, and success or failure in it is of such importance to mankind as a whole, that America cannot stand aside from taking her share. Though she has no political responsibilities in the continent, without her aid given in other ways the solution of so colossal a problem may prove to be beyond human reach.

CHAPTER II

Jean K. Mackenzie

Every Man a Son of Man

THERE are something like one hundred and thirty millions of population in Africa and they are all human beings. Whether they are of the Semitic and Hamitic peoples of North Africa, or the Negro proper of the Great Black Belt that lies between a line drawn, according to Dr. W. C. Willoughby,* from Cape Verde on the West Coast to the junction of the Nile and the Sobat rivers, from there up the Nile to its source in Victoria Nyanza, and on to the mouth of the Tana river—or of the Bantu race which live south of this line, they are, say the Bulu, "Every man a son of man." Whether they live on clay floors or on the matted floor of floating weeds or on modern floors of cement; whether their walls are of the bark of trees or of grass or of clay and wattles or of zinc or of brick; whether their huts are shaped like beehives or like mushrooms or like freight cars, or like your house or mine; whether they are of matriarchal tribes or of patriarchal tribes; whether they are dwellers in hamlets, or villages, or towns, or great cities; whether they value their wives in terms of cattle like the Zulu or in terms of ivory like the

*Race Problems in the New Africa

Bulu or in terms of an exact miscellaneous dowry; whether they are cannibals openly or cannibals secretly or cannibals not at all; whether they kill their twins or worship their twins; whatever their tribal differentiations and whether they are of imposing tribes like the Baganda and the Zulu or distinguished tribes like the Bushongo, or poor and obscure tribes like the tribes of the Pygmies; they will all assert, as the Pygmies did to the Bushongo on that day long ago when the Bushongo first met with the Pygmies and exclaimed "What are these?" And the Pygmies said—"We are men."

At this point I beg the reader of this book to face the fact and the history and the custom of the white races. To consider the past and the present of the slave trade before they dwell upon cannibalism. To face the facts of witchcraft in the England and America of not so long ago. To consider prostitution and its history as against polygamy. To consider certain aspects of the World War. To consider race prejudice as it operates in any of the forty-eight states of the Union, in this state and in this town and in this heart. And having faced these things we will still say for ourselves to our present critics and to our critical posterity—that we are men.

This is the human problem of which Mr. Oldham speaks, and we are all part of it. White people are laced into it with the black. None of you but has

touched hands with Africa on this very day. I have on my desk a little book written for use in the schools of Africa. It is a description of that country, the peoples who inhabit it, and the occupations which they pursue. There it is to be read that "Diamonds are beautiful stones clear as water which flash red, blue and green when they are turned about. They are valuable because European and Indian ladies will pay large prices for them as they like to wear them as ornaments."

And if some of you will be saying that you have taken nothing out of a South African mine, then it is to be read that for you West Africans climbed a palm oil tree for the soap with which you wash your hands. One million miles a year, John Harris has it, is climbed on the west coast trees for the fruit of the palm oil*. As surely as you have washed your hands, or driven out over a rubber tire, just that surely have you taken a token from the hand of Africa. What manner of man is it, and what manner of woman, who has washed your hand for you and put the ring on your finger?

Early Accounts

Hanno has them to be savage men, clothed with the skins of beasts, and to this day you may see, if you look for them, chiefs with leopard skins on their shoulders. Diego Cam tells of his audience,

*Africa: Slave or Free? John Harris

on his second journey to the Congo, with his friend the King who was seated on a lofty wooden platform; he could be seen from all sides, a piece of brocade about his body, his black and glittering skin shining, a bracelet of brass hanging from his left arm, a horse's tail from his shoulder, and on his head a bonnet of fine cloth woven from the palm tree. It is a princely image, informed with that dignity which survives today in such records as Torday has made of the Bushongo chiefs and Captain Rattray of the Ashanti, or such as the pioneer missionary has made among those tribes still loyal to their chiefs and their chiefs still strong. The Portuguese records are singularly realistic; no one who has lived in primitive Africa but must recognize those types so unchanged in all these centuries—and that are fading today before our very eyes. On a day of November, 1497, Dias the Portuguese having anchored in the Bay of Sam-Bras and having given the Bushmen of that region "some hawks bells and other objects, the negroes who had shown themselves unfriendly were won to a friendly disposition, and having brought presents of sheep and oxen to the crews, began," says Nicolas Velho, the recorder, "to play upon four or five flutes, some set high, some low, a wonderful harmony for negroes, from whom one scarcely looks for music. They dance also, as dance the blacks, and the Captain Gama commanded the trumpets

to sound, and we in our boats danced too, the Captain himself dancing as soon as he had returned amongst us." There they were so long ago, with that friendly disposition, so easily won, in its primitive innocence, and there was the white man too, so little looking for the African treasure of music. And very presently, before the year was out, before the month was out perhaps, that same group of white men were using artillery on their partners in the dance. But I have seen at a French Celebration of the Day of the Bastille groups of a primitive people dancing to please their white men, and in a corner apart, drawn together by the close exigencies of an intricate harmony, three men of an old pattern, playing upon three flutes of an old pattern an old, old and subtle air. It flew away into the forest that stood about the clearing; there was none there to spread a net for it and it is lost.

I have told you these things as a beginning to an answer to that too difficult question—what manner of people are they? Because it will be well if you are to think of them as a not ignoble people,—as a people of a natural dignity, a natural generosity, a conservative people bringing out of an unknown past their own racial treasures to which we have been, in our dominating contacts with them, insensitive—doing them unquestionably many injuries of which we are careless and ignorant.

Their Aspects

I have heard a white man tell of a Fang woman and her first adventure with a mirror, that for a long time she studied her reflection and when she put the glass aside she said—"The mirror says I am ugly, and I am ugly." The man thought this amusing, but there is more than amusement in such a conclusion on the part of a woman. There are mirrors that do not tell the truth, and there are alien appraisements, too, that do not tell the truth. Many of the Fang people are ugly, and many are of a notable beauty. There are tribes in which beauty is a more common gift than in other tribes. Mrs. Alfred Buxton tells us of another such adventure,—the conjunction of a woman of a Central African tribe with a mirror. She was, says Mrs. Buxton, a beautiful woman, one of the chief's head wives. She was of a pale coffee color and well built. Her oval face was set with almond eyes, her hair was dressed high on a frame of basket work, very becoming. "She would come of an afternoon and sit on our verandah, following our every movement with her great eyes. Never was a maiden more naive, curious, fawn-like. I would give her my mirror to play with. Setting her pretty head on the side she would laugh at herself, then pat her hair, turn and look again from another angle. She gets up and walks away; grace and vanity are in her every movement; having gazed

into the mirror, she has not forgotten the manner of woman she is."

"I am so beautiful," one Befege told me—" "that I am pursued." And many a primitive youth has asked me, with the most optimistic expectations—"Am I not beautiful?" Of such a youth it will be said "He is as straight as a dagger," and of a woman—"She is a fine black," meaning that her darkness is admired, or "She is a leopard woman,"—meaning that she is a woman of natural grace.

I have told you this because the possession of physical beauty, even in that measure which is common among the tribes of the earth, is a significant treasure, and the appreciation of it is significant of one of the most wholesome of human ideals.

There is an ironic Bulu saying—"Where is this beauty hidden?" You say that, I am told, when your expectations have not been fulfilled. And it may be said of many of the primitive tribes that they have devices to hide what is there. The plugged nose, the plugged earlobe, the coils of brass wire about the arms and legs and about the neck, the matted hair, the paint of clay, the powder of the camma tree, the yellow ochre, the yellow palm oil,—all these ornaments and cosmetics, and the almost inevitable tattoo—they have not always been used with discretion. These conventions that

are not our own certainly make an unfavorable impression upon strangers. Even, there are some tribes that are dirty, though the primitive African, where he lives in a watered country, is personally clean. And it may be said, that the primitive African is modest,—irrespective of the size or type of the symbol with which he has chosen to express that trait innate within him, and any breach of which among his own people is to him deeply offensive. Doubtless these traditional behaviours are rooted in taboo, as so many of his aspects are. The extraordinary obesity of the women of certain of the pastoral tribes is a cherished and a fostered achievement, there being, we are told by Mr. Roscoe, an affinity between the well-being of the family cattle and the wife's weight. For you are thinking now of a people who are rooted in the supernatural, and there are elements in their most superficial aspects which are occult, and not to be understood by strangers. When I hear Othello telling Desdemona of "cannibals, and the Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," I think that some traveller has seen a medicine man in a mask. Strange it looked to him, and strange indeed it was and is. But I will say of the most illustrious medicine man I ever knew that at home he was a handsome person and a lover of children.

Their Occupations and Arts

In the main, the tribes of primitive Africa, diverse in myriad fashion, are pastoral or agricultural. These are the dual terms of their necessitous struggle. By one or other of these preoccupations or by both, they are rooted in the ground,—not in parcels of land owned by individuals, but in the tribal lands—a communal holding. And their toil as farmers or shepherds is saturated through and through with a kind of spirit of avocation not easily to be understood by us,—long lost by us, if ever innate. John Roscoe tells of the cowman of Ankole that he has his herd completely under control and can direct them by word of mouth as though they were rational beings, that he has one love surpassing all others and that if a favorite cow dies he will grieve exceedingly, even to the point of suicide. Among the Bulu people the very time of day was told by the going forth of the women to their gardens and their return. In the villages of that country there is an admired woman—she who goes forth first to her garden, and is the last to return. There is no coercion in this excess of devotion; a woman is not a slave in her garden. Well she knows, who works among the cassava, the corn, the peanuts and the bananas of the tribal plantations of Africa, that she sustains the tribe. To the best of her ability she has ensured the success of her crop, not by her industry

alone but by a perfected technic of the supernatural, and when at least her corn and her peanuts hang in great baskets from the ridge pole of her hut, and she grinds the first grain of the harvest, she may remember, among some tribes at least, that she is the descendant of that first woman who came from the Creator and whose name was, "She-who-grinds-the-food."

Among these people who are pastoral and agricultural there are, to the degree of the tribal necessity, artisans and craftsmen. Blacksmiths are much honored. It is now believed that the art of smithing originated with the African; the primitive African knows better than we do how much there is of the divine about that craft, so mixed of fire and the rock of the earth and the skill of inspired man. Between the first smith and the Creator there was more than common commerce, and down the tribal trails the blacksmith moves with a vestige of that glory. All his art is dedicate. There are weavers of fine grass cloth, of cotton fabrics. There are potters, men and women. There are basket makers. There are hairdressers and tattooers. There are goldsmiths and coppersmiths. There are carvers in wood and workers in leather. All these arts are ancient—you may see for yourself on the walls of the little Egyptian tomb in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City a negro carrying a basket and there should be a hen in it—

for he got that basket or the ancestor of it from an old African woman who is a friend of mine. And these arts and crafts have an extraordinary element—it is the element of perfection. The wooden spoon thrust for safe keeping in the bamboo slat of the bark wall, the wooden bowl hung on the wattled wall, the carved ivory medicine horn, the wooden bow gun fretted with delicate intricate carvings, the small game counters made of the shells of nuts and carved, the iron knives of the many subtle patterns, the spear points shaped like leaves, like flames, like the buds of flowers,—all these things that you may see pictured in old books of travel if you may not go to see them still in use among the primitive people of Africa—yes, and the strange disturbing medicine masks with their aura of the occult, the fetish images with their morbid and insinuating elegance—these that you may see in any of the great museums—all these have the element of perfection. They are a ripe fruit of the spirit of man, on a tree after its kind.

Their Dwellings

The dwellings of the Africans differ in form and structure after their tribes, and even within the tribe they differ in quality according to the gift and aspiration of the builder. In general the floor is of clay and the roof of a grass or leaf thatch;

the walls are of wattles or reeds or the bark of trees. There are no windows; light is let in by the door which is barred at night. There are no fireplaces; the fire is laid on the floor.

There are great towns among certain of the tribes. To the north, Timbuctoo from time immemorial floats in its sea of white sand. The Yoruba and the Baganda are peoples of great and ancient cities; Ibadan has no less than 140,000 inhabitants. The walls of Ilorin are nine miles about; Mengo, the capital of Uganda, was a great city in King Mutesa's time, with well-kept roads and courtyards. When Bowditch in 1807 entered Coomasie, the capital of Ashanti, there was a metropolitan stir—he was welcomed by thirty thousand men under arms, "an area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival into the peculiar airs of their several chiefs. At least a hundred large umbrellas or canopies which could shelter thirty persons were sprung up and down with brilliant effect" and these were of scarlet and of yellow. The king's messengers wore gold breastplates. Gold, feathers, ivory, leopard skins and skins dressed and dyed, finely grown girls and handsomest youths, an executioner,—a man of immense size with a massy gold hatchet and a bloody stool,—these and many other gilded details produce an effect of urban

Work of Primitive Craftsman, Cameroun

brilliance. But on that very day and every day since then the vast majority of the peoples of Africa were at work in the fields and herding cattle and coming to sleep at night under humble roofs in hamlets or villages. For the central and the southern African is not in his primitive state a townsman; he is a villager.

In the forests of Africa little villages are strung like beads along the tribal trails, or along the water ways. In South Africa on the Veldt or among the rocky hillsides the villages of the pastoral tribes are built around the cattle kraals. And these villages, whether of the forests or of the plains, are the dwelling of a family. Come into one such of an evening when the dusk is drawing in, and the family spirit is as palpable there as to the senses is palpable the smoke of the evening fires. Every missionary will know what I mean. None of us but has been often at home, on a night of the rainy season, in one or another sort of hut, in a village of the veldt or of the forest or of the grass country. The wall of water falls off the eaves of that little house, the fire burns bright on the floor of it, there is a pot on the fire and some greens with an ear of corn in the pot, or a soup of mushroom highly flavored, or it may be chicken steamed in peanut butter. Cassava bread will be there or a roll of beaten plantain, or a cake of corn meal. The firelight will be shining on the bark walls,

or on the clay walls with their wash of white. There will be a clutter of cutlasses and baskets and bowls and grinding stones and pots and pans about upon the floor, tending rather toward the corners. In some huts there will be a rack above the fire for drying seeds and grains, and peppers and ears of corn will be hanging from the ridge tree. At the full time of year baskets big enough for Ali Baba will be hanging there, filled with peanuts or rice or corn. In a well-kept house, the home of a good housewife, the clay floor will be swept and glossy, the wooden bowls will be hanging on the wall, order will be manifest in that little cabin, and comfort. In the forest country, wooden stools and low couches of wood or the round of of bamboo will be there; among the clay builders there will be clay benches against the wall and couches of clay. Hens will be straying about the floor, and among the pastoral people, the young calves will be found in the houses. Lice are with the hens, ticks with the cattle, rats are in the thatch, cockroaches are everywhere. But shut in there from the great night with the fire, and a friend stirring the pot, and good talk going about among friends, there is the authentic sense of home. The African has a thousand proverbs to speak his heart in this matter; he is in exile a prey to acute nostalgia, and may die of it—for "the exile," one has told me, "has no hearth and he has many longings."

Their Languages

Yes, in these little huts of the villages of Africa, tales are told, proverbs pass from hand to hand that are worn with the handling of the generations. Children are admonished; there is gossip; there old jokes pass and fresh and witty jokes are coined; for the languages of Pagan Africa are warm with the spirit of the race. Monosyllabic or polysyllabic, with clicks as some are, staccato as some and legato as others,—they are all alike in this, that they are adequate vehicles for the wit, the irony, the wistful longings and the mockery of a unique people. They have borne the weight of the traditions and the folklore of a race without written record. Not the Japanese themselves have reduced the spirit of poetry to a greater economy than the African has done in his brief, urgent, and passionate songs.

"Even though
But his robe
I will marry it
I will
By the law!"*

On a moonlight night from every clearing in the forests of Africa, from every least hamlet in the grass country or on the veldt, from every cluster of huts large or small, and among the sands of the

*Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent p. 73, Natalie Curtis

desert, there is the sound of drums, the sound of singing and an intricate padding of dancing feet. Do not think, unless you are erudite in music, to follow those involved harmonies, or to appreciate at its just value the accuracy of those rhythms. Natalie Curtis says, that from the evidence at hand "it is safe to assume that at a time when Europe was laboriously making crude experiments in polyphonic art, the African had already developed part singing to the elaborate degree found among black native peoples today; while the round or catch had probably been in use in Africa for hundreds of years."*

And listen to the drums of the dawn of a morning when a local chief has died. How they speak his drum name—a phrase to be beaten out on the talking drums of the many villages—and his death, in a code phrase. This crying of drums from village to village is as accurate as the clicking of the telegraph but it is other than that—not in its enormous volume alone, but in its clamor and rumor that seem to speak from startled sense to startled heart.

Their Governments

F. Deaville Walker in his book "Africa and Her Peoples" says that Africa presents every type of government from the tyrannical despotism of a

*Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent, Natalie Curtis

warlike king, to a system of patriarchal control. It must be agreed, in considering the kingly images evoked by the accounts of early travellers, that the chiefs of the Gold Coast and the Congo were formidable. The deeds of the Zulu chief Chaka are heart-shaking; it need only be told here that at the death of his mother he would have killed every mother in the tribe and did indeed kill seven thousand Zulu mothers. "The Matabele Zulu government" says one of the early explorers "is a military despotism, with supreme control over every man and beast and every acre of land in the country." Mutesa, king of the Baganda in Mac-Kay's day, thought he was the most powerful ruler on earth, and he was one in an unbroken line of a thousand years of kings. Discipline was implicit in the history of such rulers, and cruelty was implicit in the discipline. Those cruelties have not been without record; the known cruelties of the great chiefs, as they were discovered to the last century and the century before, have drenched the pages of travellers with blood. But it is evident that a great aptitude for authority and for the pursuit of public affairs is implicit in these records as well. Chaka's hundred thousand warriors were never held together without great gifts for administration and organization. No one can read the little we know of the extraordinary ritual which surrounded the major chiefs of prim-

itive Africa without being prepared for that dignity which was their common quality. And of lesser chiefs and headmen as well. It is not only Kwete, king of the Bushongo, of whom Torday has said that he is a perfect gentleman, but many a lesser man of a lesser tribe has such qualities of dignity, tact, authority, and self-control, as has commended his office and his tribe.

And the least of the headmen in the smallest of villages, has a quality of authority which distinguishes him to the least observant eye. You who drop into a village at the noon hour, and the father of the village is laconic in greeting his guest, —a dusty old man, perhaps, his grizzled hair unkempt and his old eyes reticent and sad,—even so, you will not be mistaking his office, or greeting as headman one of the lesser men who lounge away with him the heat of the midday. The habit of authority is upon him; he is feared by the people of his little hamlet—and it may be too that he is loved. They call him Father; he is their natural protector—their bulwark against a world of strangers. Without a substantial character, he would not be headman of even an inconsiderable village. It may well be that cruelty incites many of his dealings with his people. Many chiefs owe their reputations to their cruelties, but many an old chief has the welfare of his village at heart, administering justice after the old codes, keeping

his houses in repair, keeping his women under discipline, reviewing the children of the village.—Where I lived among the Bulu the morning salutation of the chief took place in the palaver house—that community house which is the state house of the village—and the phrase was—"I go to show my body to my father." In a village of the old type I have often seen the headman cleaning patches of grass that had sprung up here and there on that yellow ground. No other than a headman would be seen with a hoe and clearing grass. That would be, in our neighborhood, the work of women; but a headman perfecting his clearing was not demeaning himself; he was expressing by a code of conduct, his possession of, and his concern for, his village.

Obedience is the law of the community, great or small. In a well-conducted village after the old pattern, discipline of the utmost severity follows upon an infraction of the rule. Many cruelties are doubtless arbitrary and they are deeply repugnant to the white man when they come under his notice; I write as one who has suffered the misery of living among the abodes of cruelty. It must be said of African cruelties that they lie a shadow over Africa, and are gross and shocking beyond the imagination of the civilized man; it must also be said that many of these cruelties are practised in defence of the common welfare when

it is conceived as having been attacked by an infringement of the law,—either the communal law, or the code of taboo that has been devised for the welfare of the community on the supernatural side of its life. We, who have so little analysed our own tribal cruelties, which are mainly developed on the economic side, may well be confounded and tremble as we grope among these shadows that seem, at a moment's thought, to have sprung up about us.

Their Religious Beliefs

The whole of pagan Africa was aware, is aware, of the supernatural. The supernatural is a presence in every primitive village, in every hut in every village, in the corner of every hut. The supernatural lays a hand on the new-born child about whose neck a charm is hung, and before the child is born, when the most religious rites are performed and the most occult precautions are taken on his behalf. The survival in this life of every baby, every adult, every family, every clan and every tribe in Africa, is proof that adequate rites and ceremonies have been observed and that supernatural forces have been adequately placated or invoked. The practise of the science of the supernatural is the fundamental concern of every human being, with a view to his personal welfare and the welfare of his fellows. However trivial

1. The Pot in the Making
2. The Spoon in the Making

to the white man has appeared the cult of charms, however futile the pursuit of magic, however sinister the activities of the medicine man, however morbid and tainted with blood and death the practices of African supernatural rites have seemed to us to be, it would be well if we were to consider, in the matter of the African's relation to his religion, certain proved characteristics.

He is religious. He practises his religion. He practises it not only as a personal cult, but as affecting his whole tribe; and in the practice of it, he immolates himself for the common good. He believes that there is an indissoluble union between the supernatural and everyday life, and he seeks to harmonize these elements in his own life. He is tenacious of his beliefs but he is experimental religiously, and a seeker among conceivable ways, for the absolute way of dealing with the supernatural in this life and in the life to come. Those readers who would inform themselves of the salient features in the religion of the Pagan peoples of Africa would do well to read "The Religion of the Lower Races"* by Edwin Smith—a most excellent and readable book. There they will read of the Bantu conviction of the immanence of a universal energy in the world, of its applied uses and its dangers; they will read of fetishism and ancestor worship, of the Bantu belief in survival

*Macmillan, 1923

of personality after death; and of taboos, their many kinds and uses. They will read of the three names of God the Creator—Mulungulu, Lesa, Nyambe, and the variations of these names. For over and above the practice of magic and the indefatigable search for a *modus vivendi* which is the African concern with the supernatural, he believes in a supreme creator God.

"I never knew a Zulu" says John Dube, the Zulu, "who did not believe in God." And the noble subtitles of God star the traditions of the tribes of Africa. "Zambe, He-who-created-us," say the Bulu. The people of the Gold Coast call Him The Faithful, The Great Friend, The Abundant Filler. Dr. Smith says that it is probable that the recognition of a High God has the least effect upon conduct, but that many of the Africans declare that their customs were established by Him, and that any breach of them is a transgression of the divine will. The Bulu say that having created us He forgot us. These few inadaquate words—set down on paper by a white person for white people to read—how thin they are in the face of the enormous, earnest, never-ceasing application of the African to his religion. That is a thing of the most violent implications and the most pitiful effort, ranging from the deadly activities of the medicine men, to the most tender solicitude of a mother tying a charm about her baby's

neck. Devising of taboos that are effective, for did he not live? Breaking of taboos that are fatal, for did he not die? Sending of messages by the dying to the dead, crying after the dead the message that is to follow them, torturing the living who are conceivably the supernatural instrument of destruction, all the negations imposed by taboo in the interest of the family and the clan and the tribe,—all this technique and craft of religion in a fashion or a tone or a dimension alien to us—and above these agitations and efforts and traditions and conventions and experiments, God, the Faithful, the Molder, the Father-Mother-God, the Almighty.*

The Ba-ila, says Dr. Edwin Smith, have a legend of an old woman who set out to find God. God, they say, had taken from her all that she had—her children and her children's children. So she set about to wander till she should find Him, meaning then, she said, to ask Him, Why? And an old woman of the Bulu tribe has told me that before ever she heard the news of God she told herself about Him—We do not know of Him now, but we shall know hereafter. This she had said when her first-born lay dead on her knees, and she would not listen then to her neighbors who would have it that because of a broken taboo the child had died. It is not so, she told herself; my child did not die of a broken taboo, but whence it

*A. G. Fraser in The International Review of Missions Oct. 1925

came, thither has it gone; and of this I do not know now, but I shall know hereafter.

This was the thought of a young woman in a hut of primitive Africa more than fifty years ago. At the door of every African hut there stands a woman. She sweeps that floor that is so suspect of every sanitarian. In every field there bends a woman; she it is will harvest that adequate or inadequate crop. Above the kettle over the fire a woman is busy; she it is will feed the family with that diet, varied or not. And above the grave of the lost African baby, about whom you hear so much, a woman grieves. It is to be remembered of the hut that it is her home; it looks like that to her. She has a thousand thoughts about it and her own sentiments. About her work in the field it is to be said that it is for her a vocation. She has her intense feminist pride about her supremacy as the nourisher of her world; for her men, when they have finished the heavy work of clearing, must always be at a disadvantage in the field, or begging of her out of the kettle. Well she knows, and has her proverbs to say so, that without a woman to sustain them the men of the world would perish. "The woman," she says, "bore the man." About her child she has an impeccable maternal passion, with all her heart and all her acquired supernatural arts, she pursues the present and the future welfare of her children.

Her aspect, her mode of life, the shape of her hut, her inevitable polygamous career, her relation to her husband, the material nature of her dowry, the degree of her enslavement, the degree of her emergence, the extent of her capacity, these vary. Africa has its many facets. You will meet her in her aspects and her capacities in numberless anthropological and ethnological books and books of travel. There she is, in such books as these, at the door of her hut, in the field, and busy with her kettle. There too is the baby hanging in a sling at her side or strapped to her back.

The writer has heard Miss Mabel Carney say that she hopes and prays there is no woman on earth more wretched than the primitive African woman. The comment, proclaimed with the most serious conviction, was heard with a pang of grief and wonder. It seems strange to have been eating out of the kettle with the most wretched woman on earth, and to have laughed at her sallies. How can it be that the most wretched woman on earth is also a laughing woman and a dancer under the moon? And yet when you take account of her circumstance she does indeed seem to qualify for this sorry distinction. She is not a free woman. Speaking in general for the primitive tribes, she is truly the possession of the men of her family until she becomes the possession of the man who has put the bride price down. Her fate in marriage

of the sun, the moon, the seasons rainy and dry, and the generations of men. About their specific engagements with their immediate material circumstance, the element of custom was as if it were a time element. Always we have done so, since the birth of men it has been so—*always*.

A New Time and Tide

Until, suddenly, though ever so little, they are troubled. There is the least little rift in *always*. In every neighborhood where the white man has showed his face there has followed a shift in time and space. It is a sail off the west coast of Africa. It is a wagon in South Africa, a wheel turns. It is a road in Uganda, wheels. A steamer on the Congo—and suddenly everywhere in the forest automobiles and the railroad. This very day there is a primitive African gaping at his first wheel and another taking his first ride on the railroad—each of these is entering a new realm of time and of space.

He is catching a train. It is an enforced journey about which he knew nothing yesterday. There he was in his village eating out of his wife's kettle after the old fashion with the spoon that we Bulu have made since the birth of men—he was meaning to cut the new garden and to trap the old elephant and to initiate his son to the rites of manhood and to give his daughter in marriage.

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A Weaver, Liberia

There was to be a magic in his village, and a village dance—and suddenly there is a clamor and a call to time and to a journey. Drop the wooden spoon and the bark loin cloth of the old pattern, for there is an iron spoon for this journey and a suit of white man's clothes—never mind how you put them on—only hurry. There is a drumming in the air that says "Abroad, abroad, and let no man sleep! Quick! quick," says the drum, "and hurry!" You might miss the train. You don't know where you are going but oh, if you miss the train you are doomed. You will be left behind with the doomed things in the doomed village. For all this there is very, very little of that strange fateful element called Time. The old men stay behind and the old women, but they see the old things melt away—they mourn them but they cannot save them. The young ones rush away while there is time. For all the generations of men there was no mention of Time until now, when the white man measures it out by a calendar and a clock; you begin to have your engagements by clock and by calendar with the Governor.

The New Chief

For that is what the white man has come to be—he is the Governor. From being the son of God that you thought him to be—and stretched out your hands to him, shedding tears and entreating

his divine favor, or maltreating him on some days and in some places, when your heart was dark and he came singly in a caravan at a pace no better than your own,—or bartering with him when he had built him a coast settlement and was buying of you the bodies of the stolen,—or bartering with him in a little settlement in the forest where you might see him, daily, observing him in all his frame and all his ways until you knew him to be such a creature as yourself—from being such a one, a trader, or a traveller, or a man of God come to tell you the things of God, whose business, mysterious at first, could in time be understood and with whom you could deal after your own custom, whatever it was—now he is the Governor. The Chief of your chief, and with taboos in opposition to your taboos. His custom begins to fill a circumference in space—that is his town, and presently they fill your world. He is the Governor. And it is he who has said time presses. It is he who has said that the black man needs a friend now and for the next twenty-five years.*

And the friend, when he comes to the aid of the black man in this time of his great need will be met, says Mr. Oldham, by one of the greatest

*Quoted from *The Call from Africa*—The Right Rev. St. Clair Donaldson p. 134—"In these problems of modern Africa there is a new factor to be realised—the recognition by Governments....that the only hope for the safe development of Africa throughout the next twenty-five years is that the Christian church should be the greatest constructive influence in that development."

tasks that mankind has ever been called upon to undertake. Also he will be met by aspects and conditions for which he is unprepared, for life is being rearranged in Africa, says one who knows it. "The habits and ideas of tribal life are gone like the fairies."*

It is impossible for a white man strange to Africa to understand the significance to a primitive African of an article of commerce, of a box of matches, of an iron pot, of a clock. There is a time element implicit in the former innovations as well as the latter. As if it were but yesterday, when the dawn was gray in the villages those whose fire had died in the night went begging to a neighbor's house for an ember. Or travellers were making fire with a fire stick. But a match—it is small as an eyelash and quicker than a glance. In a village where there is a lantern there is a longer day. As for the difference between a clay pot and an iron pot—it is the difference between a thing that takes longer to make than it is likely to serve its maker—whereas an iron pot is everlasting. As for a clock—words fail. It is no longer that the guinea fowl called before the dawn, or the sun fell thus and so on the crack of the clay of the floor, but is the name of an hour. Implicit in a clock are all the contracts between man and

*Africa and the 20th Century Reformation p. 34—Fulani bin Fulani.

men. The clock, ticking small in a small hut—how soon it has come to be the master's voice—in the mines on the plantations, in the bureaus and the offices.

With a people like this, an age has closed, it has begun to sink back into the gulf of time, a new age has dawned, and if you are to deal with them helpfully you must deal with them realistically. The Bulu have a proverb to say "We have not come to break pots, we have come to draw water" and the missionary would wish to be like that—but the pot is already broken and the water is spilled—it is now the part of the friend to deal with new pots. And with paths to springs, new and old. For this lad, who was born to such night lights as the moon and a brief flare of a rush torch, is headed for the all-night glare of the Rand. And this girl who dared not beg her husband's leave to visit her father's town—what is she doing a thousand miles from home and asleep in a tin hut back of a house in a city of white men? In the little moment of youth—how have they come so far afield, who were born in a forest hut, or in a village of the veldt, and who are so unequipped by tradition and education for a mechanical age? Africa stirs over its whole expanse with the wing of youth escaped from tribal authority. It might be said that the first primitive African hanged by a white man for the murder of a black man was a

breach in the net—and the white man's code imposed ever so wisely disintegrates the old tribal code. These are things to be thinking of, as Mr. Oldham says, before we can begin to think about the new Africa.

New Aspects

"As to dress," says Alexander McLeish in his recent survey of Nigeria—"people are found in all varieties of attire. Absolutely naked—dressed in skins—wearing leaves only—wearing a loin cloth—naked from the waist up—gowned and trousered—turbaned—gowned only—baggily trousered—covered with embroidery and elaborately shod—and in every state of Europeanized array and disarray, from the beach boy in tattered singlet and shapeless helmet to the dandy in the most perfect of habiliments of Bond Street—they are all there."

This cross section of Nigeria might be a cross section of Africa. And listen to Mrs. A. W. Wilkie telling about the women of Africa, their many kinds and aspects:

A little village in the heart of the bush at evening time—the sunlight dying away, smoke rising up in little spirals from the yards of the houses—a subdued sound of life, and a sense of expectancy hanging over everything. Men sitting silently and patiently under the trees in the village street, children squatting in little groups on the sand, talking and playing, or moving restlessly about the house doors—the sound of the

pounding of food for the evening meal heard on all sides. In the glow of the fire the women stirring and preparing food for serving, hardworking, unintelligent, patient creatures who seem content with life chiefly because they don't even think enough to resent it. They have got up with the sun, spent the day in hard labor, toiling to the spring to bring back heavy pots of water, hoeing and clearing land in the plantations, carrying cumbrous loads of produce to market, and doing the various small tasks that constitute such care of house and children as are sufficient to keep these going. These are the women who are most constantly in one's mind in speaking of the women of Africa.

Others there are—all sorts.

One of the things that saddens most is the sight of girls in primitive places when they are in the "marriage market"—girls whose only clothing is the colored chalk that patterns their bodies, or the strings of beads, or the heavy copper anklets, or the brass rings barbarously disfiguring—sometimes the teeth are blackened, sometimes sharpened to a point, sometimes some are drawn. Costume and custom vary according to different locality, but what characterizes almost all of them is a sort of bold conceit, not to be wondered at when all the publicity of the offensive puberty ceremonies are remembered. Such girls have a long way to go!

Then there is the pathetic crowd of women who have realized that there is something which they have not got but would fain have. One often sees in a church service one woman with a hymn book, and two others in a bench in front hanging on to this hymn book too, gazing anxiously at it upside down as if there were some virtue in the mere print. These are the sort of women who with no knowledge themselves of even the alphabet, yet toil extra hard in the house so that their daughters may go to school and enter the magic ranks of the educated; wishful that these same daughters may not soil the

glory of their superiority by putting finger to pot or pan; some of them so covet that wonderful knowledge that when the day's hard work is done they limp off on tired feet in the light of a hurricane lamp to some learned scholar who can read words of two syllables, and there they sit patiently following the letters of the dirty primer with a toil-worn finger, anxiously trying to understand the mysteries of "g-o, go" and "i-n, in." These women are perhaps the most pathetic of all

In any coast town or large center—the Europeanized girls in crowds dressed in the latest fashion, wearing hats, carrying sunshades—all sorts and conditions, as in any place on the face of the earth, intelligent and healthy minded, many of them, but having lost touch with much that is African—inevitably—and without much interest in their fellow creatures of the dark bush places.

The poorer type of these are the girls who have got the "little knowledge" that is dangerous! European clothes, but not rightly made and not rightly put on, high-heeled shoes without the knack of walking in them, faces disfigured with too much white powder, only enough education to make them think so much of themselves that they will let their old mothers do all the work for them, only enough civilization to make them look down on girls who wear only Native cloths.

Among the most difficult of all types—those who have lived in contact with civilization, without education or any other palliating influences; who have absorbed only what is worst in that contact and who have lost by it all the good traits of the African and gained nothing instead. These are a reproach to us.

And there are the sensible capable women who with a good education have at the same time managed to remain Africans. Combining all the ease and self-confidence of culture with the simplicity of Africans, one of these women in her pretty tidy home, dressed in graceful native costume, with beautiful up-

right carriage, bright intelligent face, displaying such wealth of hospitality as only an African can, is a type of the real glory of African womanhood.*

These are they that have come up out of great tribulation. To work with the best of them for the most bewildered and needful of them is part of that great human task which is not more than a Christian woman's duty. If it is a load to be carried, who told you so?

*Education in Africa. Report of The Phelps Stokes Commission p. 88

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

The Friend as Doctor

Mr. Oldham asserts—Africa isolated by disease; Africans enfeebled by disease.

These diseases to be combated; these conditions to be improved; these people to be nourished.

Analysis of unfavorable conditions and their results.

Analysis of Twentieth Century struggle to create health in Africa: Those who engage in this struggle—Elements of betterment.

A note by Editor introducing Mrs. Fraser, including some statistics about mission doctors, medical attendants, hospitals, medical schools, nurses training centers, welfare centers.

Coöperation of Colonial Governments with mission efforts; of scientists and philanthropists with mission efforts.

Mrs. Fraser tells of her experiences with aspects of African diseases; high mortality of adult and child; sanitary deficiencies in the village; the hut; lack of water.

Deficiencies in diet: Causes and effects.

Inevitable conclusion that Education is the key

Difficulties of education—from apathy; ignorance; evil custom.

Early efforts toward education in hospital

Old-type hospital—modern-type hospital.

Efforts toward education by the project system in a hut approximating native conditions with a doll as patient

Success of the project method—

Type of interested women

Type of lesson in care of sick, in hygiene, in diet.

Type of discussion developed in project method as to health, anatomy, morals.

The use and abuse of importations of civilization, as dress, etc.

Results in the neighborhood of such education—especially in child welfare

The struggle of the doctor with diseases: The African as patient —specific diseases—specific cases.

The hospital as a spiritual influence—

Inculcating hopefulness, helpfulness, generosity

Specific types so developed

The rewards of these efforts

CHAPTER III

The Friend as Doctor

Foreword by Mr. Oldham

AMONG the gigantic tasks to be undertaken there is, first, the question of health. A recent writer finds the chief explanation of the age-long isolation of Africa in the diseases of the continent, which defeated every invader who, prior to the discoveries of modern medical science, attempted to penetrate into the interior. They are also the explanation to a large extent of the present backwardness and lack of efficiency of many of the peoples of the continent.

Most of the epidemic diseases that have ravaged Europe leave the survivors immune against further attacks, and those who do not die recover completely. But the characteristic diseases of Africa, such as malaria, dysentery and worm diseases, leave no immunity and often result in life-long enfeeblement.

In Africa the parasites of many of the chief diseases are carried by insects and may quickly infect a whole population. Consequently the opening up of the continent by the European occupation has led in many instances to widespread ravages by disease. The improvement of com-

munications as a result of European rule, and the consequent movement of population, has brought infected persons into areas hitherto immune, and the infection once introduced has spread like wildfire. It is related that a native priest in the Congo was once asked what his people believed to be the real cause of the ravages of sleeping-sickness. He replied that they thought that it was transmitted by the telephone. Mistaken as their belief was, they were not so far wrong in tracing a connection between the spread of the scourge and the advent of the white man and his inventions.

There is general agreement that most of the peoples of tropical Africa are undernourished. They have neither, in many instances, enough to eat nor is the diet of a proper kind to ensure health and vigour. The African is not provident; and his means of storing his food are often defective. Consequently the supplies of one harvest are not seldom exhausted before the next is ready, and for some weeks the people have to go short. Equally serious is the lack of variety in the diet of many tribes.

Living conditions are of the same fundamental importance. The native hut is often a most insanitary dwelling, lacking light and ventilation. The mud walls and earth floor are a breeding-ground for disease-carrying insects, while the grass roof provides a harborage for rats, the carriers of

plague. Sanitary conveniences are conspicuous by their absence. An adequate water supply is often lacking and that which exists is easily contaminated.

In view of all this it is not surprising that throughout the greater part of tropical Africa the population does not appear to be advancing. In large areas it is believed to be actually declining. It is not surprising also that the standard of health and vigour is low. Relatively few people in Africa reach old age. The most terrible fact of all is the rate of infant mortality. The number of children who die before completing the first year of life is in progressive western countries between 70 and 80 out of every thousand. In Africa where the facts have been investigated the number is found to be over 300, or more often over 400, and in some cases considerably higher.

In the African continent there are more than a hundred and fifty physicians and nearly three hundred nurses in missionary service, and this is not to take account of the medical men at work under governments. Amid the trials of a tropical climate often in circumstances of discomfort and loneliness, generally with inadequate material equipment, incurring sometimes considerable personal risk, these courageous men and women are engaged in the long, arduous, uphill fight against tropical diseases and in the creation throughout the continent of centres of life and health.

No one knows better than the doctors themselves, however, that the battle for health in Africa is not their concern alone. If the central citadels to be won are better nourishment and the improvement of living conditions, whole armies of non-medical workers must be called upon for aid. Agriculture instructors must show the people how to grow better crops and a greater variety of crops. Transportation will need to be developed to create the necessary food markets. If there are to be better houses the people will need in some areas to be encouraged to plant trees, in order that they may have wood for building or to be used as fuel for burning bricks. Every one concerned with the task of education will have to help in propagating sound ideas in regard to diet, sanitation and health. In the tens of thousands of little village or bush schools scattered throughout the continent, missions have ready to hand an instrument of almost unlimited potency for education in health and thereby for stamping out disease in Africa.

We have begun with the consideration of the bodily needs of the peoples of Africa, because the body is the physical basis of life. And for this emphasis on health of body we may claim the highest authority. In His brief ministry on earth our Lord Himself devoted a large part of His time to the healing of men's bodies. His ministry was directed to the redemption of the whole man.

Note by the Editor

Dr. Lerrigo* says that there are 142 men physicians, 15 women physicians and 282 nurses in connection with missions in Africa. That is to say, that there is one foreign medical worker to 318,906 on a basis of a calculated population of 140,000,000. There are, besides these, eight recorded African physicians, all men. Of trained attendants there are a total of 554 men and women. These statistics are those presented to the Belgian Conference and have doubtless altered in the year past for the better. There are listed one hundred and thirty-six hospitals—and you may believe that these range in kind and quality as to equipment; it should also be said that some of the best work in the world has been done in very strange hospitals. The best doctor in the world is your own doctor when you need him, and I know a most successful one who, in a shortage of equipment in his out-of-the-way station where he was alone, came to be sewing up his patients with O. N. T. thread and to be bandaging them, at the last of his shortage, with his old cotton trousers torn into strips. Happily indeed there are superior hospitals among the missions of Africa,—as most of my readers must know of their own mission equipment. There are six leper asylums listed, but as Dr. Lerrigo says and as all missionaries know, there is not a considera-

*The ministry of Health article by Dr. Lerrigo in the *International Review of Missions*, July, 1926.

ble mission but deals after its fashion with lepers, leper settlements, leper schools and medical work for lepers. And wherever a missionary goes in that country of great need, there goes with him an odor of drugs. The least likely missionary, the least inclined to deal with matters of life and death, has been forced to do so, and as for those who have that aptitude of which Dr. Lerrigo speaks—they are the doctor where there is none. Many such have carried on what would seem to be to a country doctor at home a heavy practice.

Here and there among the missions there are small medical schools. The American Board of Foreign Missions has a pre-medical school at Durban, and has long carried on a nurses' training course in its hospital there. Nurses are trained by the Methodist Episcopal Board (U. S. A.) in Southern Rhodesia at old Umtali; the Board of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. has a training school for men nurses; the Lutherans in Liberia are listed as training nurses. I mention only the American work, as I am writing for American readers, but it would be the assurance, I think, from every mission not too young that the training of nurses is carried on by them, at least on a modest scale.

Maternity centers, infant welfare centers, and training in midwifery are established here and there—these efforts are now urged as one of the primary duties of every mission. It should be re-

membered that every missionary mother in Africa has been a kind of maternity child-welfare center at her own door, and most of them have conducted little orphan asylums of their own; but now it must be that these efforts, and all the health program for Africa, shall be extended to something like an adequate scale, if the work is to be done at this crucial time.

The Colonial Governments, French, Belgian, and British, in their extensive war against sleeping sickness, have welcomed the coöperation of the mission doctors. Doubtless other governments have done the same. That coöperation between Governments and Missions which is an element in New Africa is nowhere more obvious than in the combating of disease.

No one who has not lived in a sleeping-sickness area can conceive the ravage that it makes. In some neighborhoods and with modern facilities of transportation, depopulation has been almost complete. Yet there are known remedies. Dr. Louise Pearce, with the Rockefeller Research Institute, has developed a remedy known as Trypareamide. There are others. Venereal disease, tuberculosis, diseases of the white man—these are stalking Africa, and there are remedies. There are ten talents of remedy in the hand of the Christian—who has certainly not yet put them all out to usury.

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Woman Pounding Grain, Uganda

Introducing Mrs. Fraser

Among the fifteen women doctors in the missions in Africa one is Dr. Catherine Mabie, who seems not to belong to the American Baptists alone, but to all in America who are concerned for Africa. Another woman doctor, a Scotch woman, is Mrs. Donald Fraser, who has been in Nyassaland what Dr. Mabie has been in the Congo—"a woman with a living consciousness of home, health and womanhood in African community life" and a member of a Mission which "began its work among primitive people and continued single-handed with a responsibility for every phase of native life even to this day."*

Thirty years of living service have gone to the making of the following chapter by Mrs. Fraser. Speaking as she does, so simply, of the hut and the kettle, of the seed, of the birth and feeding of babies, of the African woman's receptivity to better things for her children, she is spreading out for us to ponder the very material of the stuff of the future. Speaking as she does of pitiful diseases and battles won, she opens for us a little the door of the missionary doctor's experience. For us she is like a carrier returned from a journey and sitting at night in the palaver house of his own town, drawing upon the dust of the clay floor the map of the way he has come, and it may be, if we are friends, laying out for us to see the treasure that his Master has given him.

*Education in East Africa, 205. Report of Phelps Stokes Commission.

CHAPTER III

By Mrs. Donald Fraser M.D.

NO wonder the imagery of the "open sore" presented itself instinctively to Livingstone's mind as he wrote of the curse of the Arab slave traffic. Open sores were the most obtrusive malady—obtrusive on more senses than one—in the early days of modern exploration. Even twenty-five years ago the medical missionary was dismayed by its appalling preponderance over other cases. Ulcers poisoning the blood and defiling the atmosphere with their foetor, were to be found in every village and every gathering of people. If occasionally they healed, they tended to break down again whenever the vitality was lowered. The ordinary native dressing was a leaf tied on with bark-string, round the edge of which buzzing flies gathered thick, in spite of the patients' incessant efforts to keep them off by waving a hand or a fly-switch over the sore. Such cases were the earliest to apply for treatment. Yet these sores arose in the majority of cases from no specific disease. Beginning as simple cuts, scratches, bruises, they developed into a handicap for life as the result of ignorance, neglect and malnutrition. Others commenced with the infection of neglected jiggers or other insects burrowing beneath the skin.

Causes of High Mortality

Another vivid impression was the high mortality. Travelling among the villages there would be heard with terrible frequency the wailing for the dead. Sometimes the wailing was general—indicating the death of some one important, but it was mostly the wailing of bereaved women. At sunrise and at sunset the sobbing cry would reach one, "O my child, my child! Alas, what shall I do? O my child, my child!" If the bereavement were recent, other women's voices would swell the chorus of woe, but when their sympathy was exhausted, the bereaved mother would still daily renew her bewailing lament. And the pitiful feature about it was one's ever-increasing conviction that those deaths need never have occurred. Probably over seventy per cent of the babies born died in childhood, yet they were born of healthy strong mothers capable of nourishing their babies and these babies were free from any taint of disease or constitutional delicacy. Yet it was not to be wondered at. An infant often lay on the dirty bare mud floor of a broken-down disused hut or outhouse, uncovered, unwashed, unattended to in any way for an hour or two after birth—until the mother was ready to get up and look after it herself. Unless a midwife was present none of the neighbors surrounding her dared touch it. To qualify as a midwife one must only be a widow or a woman living separated from her husband. Artificial feeding,—never of

milk, but of starchy food or some concoction of boiled roots, was resorted to from the day of birth and administered by being poured from the woman's hand into the child's mouth.

The busy African mother as soon as she has resumed her duties after her confinement slings her naked child on her back, ties it on securely with a goatskin and goes about her daily task. The child is thus kept warm—sometimes very warm—in its vapour bath between the goatskin and the mother's often bare back. When evening comes and the day's work is done, the women sit down to chat with their neighbors over an open-air fire in the village enclosure and to enjoy its warmth as the night air begins to grow chill. Then the children are released from the goatskins and set on the stretched out legs of their mothers, the cold night wind blowing on the open pores of their moist little skins, bringing the inevitable aftermath of pulmonary diseases.

Unsanitary Conditions

The lack of any sanitary measures is another noticeable feature. Often the traveller can smell the vicinity of a village before the thatched roofs are visible. The filthy outskirts breed flies; the pits from which the building clay has been taken collect rain water and breed mosquitoes until they get filled up with ashes and other rubbish; the dark mud-plastered huts are the abode of other

vermin whose bite gives rise to a fever more dangerous than malaria. Every few years a village changes its site. "The houses are biting" is the reason given. Flies carry the purulent discharge of ophthalmia from the eyes of one child to those of others. Neglected, these cases often go on to ulceration and many a case of blindness is the result. In the rainy seasons the tropical downpour washes much of the contaminated surface soil into the pools and streams from which drinking water is drawn and drunk unboiled and unfiltered, the result being too often an outbreak of intestinal troubles.

Water is in many places scarce—so scarce that it has to be reserved for cooking, and bathing is an unattainable luxury. Is it to be wondered at that skin troubles are common, especially when we take into account the kindly communism that makes the borrowing of a garment or blanket a common occurrence and the lending of a sleeping mat to a passing stranger an everyday courtesy among these hospitable people. Al fresco meals eaten sitting on the ground and with the food conveyed by fingers from the common dish to the mouth have their risks, as has the common drinking pot or gourd which is handed round. Even the pipe passes from mouth to mouth, a communal not an individual possession!

The dependence on one main crop for the year's food supply meant famine or semi-starvation for a

certain period, if the rains proved unsuitable for that crop's growth. Even when harvests were good there was a tendency to be wasteful when food was plentiful, with often a resulting time of scarcity ere the next year's crop was ready for reaping. Even when food was abundant, the necessary food values were lacking. During the long dry season, in regions where there were no watered valleys where dry-season gardening could be carried on, green foodstuffs and fruits were unobtainable, and over many tracts of Africa there was a great lack of salt—so great that where there were no salt-pans, all sorts of expedients were tried to satisfy this craving. Water weeds were burned to extract the salts from their ashes and the dry caked cattle manure was similarly treated. One has not seldom seen both adults and children with loosened teeth and spongy bleeding gums as the result of a deficient dietary.

The presence of lepers who observed only a very partial degree of isolation was a real menace to the community, and yet one was afraid to warn the healthy of the risk, lest by arousing real terror of contagion, indifference should be turned by fear into cruelty and neglect.

Every death of a mother nursing an infant meant the death of both eventually. So sure a conclusion was it that sometimes with the dead mother was buried the living child.

One might multiply indefinitely facts gathered

in those early years of residence, but enough has perhaps been written to prove how unnecessary was much of the suffering, how preventible were many of the troubles.

No intelligent being could be content to work along such futile lines as merely trying to cure a few hundred cases, while all over the land conditions obtained that gave rise to exactly such cases by thousands. What good did it do that the white woman strove to save one baby's life while the black mother in her misguided maternal solicitude was killing them by hundreds and as she grew older was handing down this deplorable lore to the next generation. It was an inevitable decision that was arrived at. "They must learn to save themselves. Knowledge is far more valuable than drugs, intelligence in the homes than up-to-dateness in the hospitals, one life saved by a black mother's skill and care is far more significant and valuable for the future of Africa than a hundred such treated and cured by the white doctor."

Education The Key

To arrive at the decision that education is the key, that ill health must be averted rather than cured, seems at first sight to intensify rather than simplify the task before us. Trying to enlist the sufferers in the task of succouring themselves brings one up against the extraordinary inertia and apathy of which the African is capable. Many

a time when the chance of recovery of some patient depended on maintaining the strength with nourishing food or on administering a drug, you would find that the carefully prepared food you had provided had not been touched, nor the level of the medicine in the bottle altered since your previous visit. "He does not ask for it" or "He refuses," would be the reason given, and despairingly one would say, "Mama! the doctor and the mother must fight together against the disease, but *you* fight against *me*! I am trying to cure your boy and you refuse to help." But one soon got to know what lay behind that almost sullen demeanour of the women. Not the seeming apathetic indifference, but something more akin to hopeless despair. This attitude is founded on their beliefs regarding the origin and treatment of all the evil and misfortune that come into their lives. Allow them to accept you as a witch doctor and your medicine as a charm, and it will be given in the hope that it is potent enough to avert the threatening evil. Refuse this position and you must set yourself to a long uphill task. Their attitude being the logical outcome of their belief, you must, to change it, change their whole attitude towards life by the power of new ideas. That is why, as a doctor, without taking into consideration any other question than the physical well-being of the African, I hold that the Christian message is an essential factor in the successful routing of the forces of

The Doctor and Trained Assistants

apathy, ignorance and evil customs that are the greatest enemies of a healthy Africa.

When a mother tending her sick child has ceased to think suspiciously of the envy of some childless neighbour, of evilly disposed spirits or of some broken taboo; when she begins to believe that by patient investigation the *real* enemies can be tracked, discovered and destroyed or thwarted and that in the struggle she is no longer the helpless victim of unseen powers, but coöperating with the loving Father God, revealed in Jesus Christ, the Healer and Teacher; then, and not till then, we have won an ally within the citadel we have been storming from without.

In the years I spent in Africa, many, both Christian and heathen, came for treatment, but I cannot call to memory a single woman, mentally unaffected by Christian teaching, who ever came for the more valuable gift of enlightenment on scientific subjects.

The Hospital

Our earliest educational efforts were made in the hospital and dispensary. Hospitals in the earlier days of Mission work were often something not even remotely resembling one's idea of what such a building should be. For example, one built a ward and furnished it with simple wooden beds with reed mats, but the primitive people shrank in terror from sleeping in "so huge a house," as it

seemed to them contrasted with their huts. So up went partition walls to make it seem more cozy and homelike. Beds were apportioned to the patients, but by day they wisely preferred lying out in the back yard in the sun and at night five seconds after one left them, bidding them "sleep well" they, in order to do so, had all slipped off their beds and disposed the reed mats in a semicircle round the fire. And to make that semicircle wide enough and yet get close up to the warm embers, the fire was drawn well out from the hearth on to the beaten mud floor and the wood smoke blackened the whitewashed walls.

After vain endeavors to approximate the real to the ideal, one came to realize that the hospital began historically as a hospitium, and that essentially it was God's guest house for the needy and neglected, the old and sick and injured, in which to fit them to face life's duties again, and that was all that really mattered, except to the prejudiced white woman in charge. Shelter, sleeping mats, a blanket, simple facilities for cooking and for storing water and firewood were all that were required to make it popular with the patients and their attendant friends. Even this primitive type was a thing absolutely unknown to Africa, till it arose in one Mission Station after another, a witness in brick and mud to the truth of the message of the love of God.

In recent years the old type of hospital is being

everywhere replaced by modern buildings, well planned and equipped, in some of which nurses, dispensers and medical assistants are being trained, and this is a necessary and very splendid development, but even the old primitive type had its educational value. For instance, when there were no nurses (and in the earlier days no woman or girl wished the employment of attending to the sick) relatives accompanied the patient to hospital, and certain duties had to be assigned to these unskilled nurses and necessary precautions impressed on them. Was it a dysentery case, two facts had to be stressed—no food must be given except what was sent from the doctor's kitchen and the prohibition extended to such insignificant little titbits as caterpillars and cucumbers, peanuts and roasted mealies.

The second lesson was that everything must be so disposed of that by no possibility could infection spread to others. It would have been easy to use a disinfectant but that being a thing only available at a hospital, it was more important to teach measures that could be carried out in any village a hundred miles away, so disposal by burial far away from any water supply was the method adopted, and boiling water and hot wood ashes the only disinfectant they were taught about. And all the time one was explaining the reason for the treatment adopted. Like the Athenians, the Africans have plenty of leisure to hear and to tell some

new thing, and what they learned in hospital would be carried to the villages and told with graphic detail over many an evening fire to the interested listeners squatting around it, thus the seeds of science were spread.

But anatomical, physiological and therapeutic disquisitions took time, and time was not always available when people were waiting for medicines to be made up, so one got into the habit of suggesting that those who wished to know about this, or to learn to treat that, or to cook suitable food for something else, should meet again in the afternoon when we would have time to go into the matter in greater detail. Thus we drifted into the beginning of Mothercraft classes.

Project Lessons in Hygiene

To be practically helpful, I felt that native conditions should be reproduced in every detail, that there should be no suggestion of anything foreign, beyond the unfortunately inevitable appearance and far-from-idiomatic language of the teacher. So we met in what was really an expurgated edition of a village hut—the same round roughly plastered walls, thatched roof and mud floor, but a little larger, a little lighter and airier. The freedom from vermin was its only unusual feature! We sat on mats spread on the floor and endured the smoke rising from the central fire on which was perched a pot of boiling water, which one day I carefully

and surreptitiously tilted over Tobias to demonstrate how easily a scalding accident might occur and how it might be treated. Tobias took the mishap with great composure, being a life-size celluloid doll who had returned with me to Africa after my first furlough. She (despite the name) proved an invaluable assistant for many years, attracting pupils and visitors and teaching them. through practising with her, how to manage and treat their own babies. Never was doll gazed at with such mingled awe and admiration; even familiarity bred fondness rather than contempt, and to touch her for the first time required an effort of moral courage of which few women were capable without the incentive of the mingled contempt and encouragement of the initiated.

Tobias went through the whole gamut of human suffering, being treated for one ailment one week, only to be found suffering from something else the next. One day it might be itch and we would start discussing that trouble. The women would describe its effects graphically and feelingly. But when asked what caused it, "Ha! do *we* know?" The news that it was a tiny insect parasite of which the female burrowed beneath the skin interested them and helped them to see how it spread from one to another not only through bodily contact, but also by means of borrowed clothes and sleeping mats. The soiled old garment in which Tobias had been hastily arrayed ere the class assembled was

next removed and all watched with great interest the soap and water bath, followed by a thorough rubbing with sulphur ointment, while I discussed the necessity for finding some local medicine that would be equally efficacious. Meantime I would promise to add sulphur to supplies of fat brought me for that purpose. The rubbing finished, an old woman hands me the dress. "But there may be itch insects on the dress!" I protest, "and on the cloth in which she is carried about! What shall I do? We must find some way to kill them. I can't afford to burn them." No one can make any suggestion. I change the subject. "Granny, would you like some of the beautiful big maize you admired in my garden for seed to plant? Very well, I have some boiled that I can let you have. It's no good boiled? Why not? It wouldn't germinate! Is that so? I wonder if boiled eggs would hatch out chickens." The old lady assures me patiently that they wouldn't. "But why *not?*" I wonder. The whole class combine to insist on its impossibility. Seeing they are not going to arrive at it themselves, I suddenly brighten up. "Can it be that boiling destroys life?" This theory discussed and agreed to, we follow up the practical value of what we've discovered. The clothing is popped into the pot and while it boils, we pursue the logical outcome of our discovery—perhaps thus the seeds and eggs of disease can be destroyed. This must be why white people boil water and

boil the bandages and dressings in hospital and we arrange that when next we have a sewing class we must all make a little bag in which we can put scraps of cloth and by boiling both have something free from germs to put on scratches and cuts when they occur. Many of my pupils knew but two words of English. One was "Yes-a-mam" answering the roll-call. *It* had been introduced into their language before my day. The other was "*germ*," and to them it represented the modern scientific equivalent for witchcraft spells, sympathetic magic, malignant spirits and other disease-causing agencies of the past.

Response of Women

Tobias outlived many an ordeal—being poulticed, wet-packed, fomented, bandaged, splinted, cooked for and cosseted. Women have sat silent while she was reported sleeping a sleep that might be the turning of the corner to recovery. They have extinguished a smoky fire, kept the door wide open and avoided crowding round the entrance, that she might have fresh air when suffering from pneumonia. She has been resuscitated after birth and again after drowning. Her medical history would fill a volume, but I believe children are living today whose mothers would say Tobias had taught them what to do in times of crisis.

Another indirect good effect of these demonstrations was to help to dispel the inferiority complex

from which the women suffered. First they had seen their white mother doing things in the hospital in which her husband occasionally came to act as her assistant; now they themselves were learning what their men folks didn't know. A woman went home one day and asked her husband, "What would you do if our child took dysentery?" "Take it to the hospital, of course!" "But supposing we were far away and couldn't reach it for days, what would you do then?" "I don't know what I'd do then." "Well," triumphantly, "*I do!*" Strangely enough this eventuality occurred with this very couple, and I shall always remember how impressed the man seemed as he told me how for three whole days his wife had given their boy nothing but boiled water and egg albumen, and had nursed him back to complete health.

These classes were held during the time of year when women had the slackest time of their busy lives—when the harvesting was over. Only women living in villages in the vicinity of the mission station were able to attend, but they did so in increasing numbers and the effect it had upon them was to stimulate their desire for a general education. It would be worth while being really able to read and write if they were able to learn these practical things for themselves and make notes of what was taught, and the opportune arrival of a lady worker made it possible to start an afternoon school for women—run by women teachers—"so

American Board picture.

Zulu Women

that nobody outside ourselves will know if we are stupid," said the women with satisfaction.

The success of that school proved that if women are convinced of the practical value of what is offered in education, they will seek it. Trained domestic economist and doctor put their heads together to supply new and attractive fare to meet this new and healthy hunger for knowledge and kept the best of it for the last hour—the ordinary school subjects coming first. To provide interesting lessons they made many experiments on their own account first. One of these was the making of soap. When they had produced a passable article, the whole school was turned on to the rendering of fats and the extraction of oils, then it was shown their conversion into soap, and finally each being invited to bring a dirty garment, they were all set to work to wash it, thus demonstrating to themselves how much more effective and economical it was to wash with hot water in a vessel than to dump clothes on stones down by the stream, letting the current get most of the benefit of the soap.

Spread of Mothercraft

One year during the women's school term an intelligent woman, wife of an evangelist in a distant district, happened to be at the station, where one of her children was undergoing medical treatment. She was a very interested and regular attendant at the school. At that time a series of simple demonstrations on sick cookery were being

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given. Nothing but local produce and local pottery was used. Even an old can or a spoon—other than a wooden one of local pattern and carving —were banned. This was a very necessary form of instruction, for the women had then no idea of suitable diet for the sick beyond a thin gruel-like edition of the ordinary mealie pap, and never used milk or eggs in any of the dishes they prepared. Roda, this intelligent woman, was one day told her child's cure was complete and she might now return to the delicate husband she had so reluctantly agreed to forsake for a time. Instead of looking pleased, she began to lament that she would miss the rest of the cooking demonstrations. We offered to show her before her departure what would be demonstrated in the remaining days of the school. This offer was gratefully accepted, but when it was done, she said dubiously, "Perhaps I may forget some of it," and we ended by writing out for her, to her great delight, a small invalid cookery book. "Tell me, Roda, why you are so eager to learn all this?" I inquired, and the answer made one thank God and take courage. "Because when I get home I am going to start a mothercraft school for the women of our district."

Some little time after, there came a letter from her in the name of the women, asking if I could not come and stay for a while in their district. Roda had taught them all she knew, and they were "jealous of the women near the mission station who had

such chances to learn." This was impossible but it started a scheme for a fortnight's course of training for mothers. All we promised was sleeping accommodation and lessons. Attending it meant for the women first days of busy preparation of their flour supply for the period, and bringing in addition to it, the babies from whom they could not be parted, their sleeping mats and their cooking utensils. It was restricted to those who could read and write and about forty came. The programme had to be carefully thought out, for the pupils were women unaccustomed to mental effort, yet eager to assimilate in this brief time as much as possible. Illustrations were all taken from native sources. The blood stream, for example, was compared to the moving streams of red ants with which they were all familiar. When natural analogies failed, home-made models had to be manufactured. The missionary hunted in vain for either his or his wife's rubber sponge one day and finally discovered they were down in the school, being used as models of the lungs to illustrate pulmonary diseases. In the forenoons after the Bible lesson, in which we studied women of the Bible as wives, mothers, widows, midwives, hostesses, servants, friends, religious leaders, etc., we took up the anatomy of the alimentary tract.

Developing Dieticians

In the afternoon ears got more or less of a rest and eyes and hands became busy. No tables of

food values were used, but all possible varieties of foodstuffs were collected and after an explanation of the classes into which all food was divided, this miscellaneous assortment of vegetables, grains, fruits, meats, honey, sweet canes was dealt with article by article—every one giving her opinion whether it belonged to the flour, meat, fat or salt family, till gradually they had all been sorted into four heaps. Where opinions weren't unanimous, the white teacher gave the casting vote. A great controversy arose over milk, and every one was satisfied when the umpire said they were *all* right; it might go into all the heaps. Next came choosing which heap they would like to live permanently on. Choices were hastily made and on maturer consideration, retracted; prolonged arguments arose about how long you could go on with porridge without relish, and relish without salt; but no consensus of opinion was come to, for the reason, as was eventtually pointed out, that the body needed some of each and worked under severe handicap if it weren't forthcoming. This explained disorders of which they would hear more on another occasion. The uniqueness of milk—especially the mother's—as a sufficient food for babies could now be pointed out, as containing all the necessary elements in the right proportions. Finally new foodstuffs were prepared—such as syrup from sugar and other sweet canes and tapioca from cassava, and new dishes were cooked.

In the midst of this most absorbing if somewhat exhausting time—for one was carrying on single-handed six hours a day at this work alone—came a sad blow. A chief's wife had died and the messenger came to summon the majority of the women to the wailing. We were all bitterly disappointed at this interruption and arranged that at least the afternoon's session should be held before they departed. When we met after lunch, they had done an unprecedented thing. The messenger had been sent back to tell his master that as soon as the school came to an end—a few days later—they would hasten to the chief's kraal to weep. He must have been very surprised to receive such a message, for a death takes precedence of all else, and the relatives will forsake even the dying to bewail the dead. And here were women putting the acquiring of the laws of life before immemorial custom with its iron sway. "A funeral we can attend anytime," said one, "but this is our only chance of a school." Many a time one had rebelled in vain against the useless if not actually harmful requirements of custom; now its hold was being weakened, its sway disputed, in the hearts of its most conservative supporters, the women, by the expulsive power of a new interest.

The Women Debaters

In latter years, with growing intelligence, the programme became more varied. The first hour

in the afternoon became a women's debating club, when questions affecting the health, material well-being and moral welfare of the tribe were discussed, and how thankfully one listened, comparing the interest and mental powers with the dull apathy of early years. One has heard the women denounce, with wonderful unanimity, the constant shifting of villages as fatal both to the development of better buildings and the growing of a greater variety of fruit trees. The mission garden showed them the value of permanence of occupation. "We can never have good homes till these flittings cease, but we must be loyal to our headmen and they move when the beer drinkers find their beer crop gardens exhausted. Beer is our enemy."

The tendency to boy and girl marriages in these days of peace was another matter of which they guessed the danger and asked for medical opinion, and they saw that encouragement of education for their daughters, bringing fresh interests into their empty aimless lives, was the only way to combat the obsession of sex. One loquacious woman kept talking about their customs in the old days. It was interesting from the ethnological standpoint for the missionary, but another said, "Oh, be quiet, Esther! Let the *dona* speak. We know about the old. We are here to learn what is new and helpful."

With regard to childbirth there is little knowledge and much ignorance and superstition. I found a simple course of midwifery, not primarily

for training but for enlightenment, extraordinarily valuable and greatly appreciated. Here again diagrams and pictures conveyed no meaning to my pupils, but a female pelvis and models in plasticine made things plain. Many questions were asked, and traditional customs expounded and one's opinion on their value or worthlessness demanded. One Saturday as we rose from the floor and stretched ourselves at the conclusion of our last session, a woman exclaimed "To think of the things we used to believe!" "When?" I inquired, "When did you believe them?" She looked at me, suddenly saw my point and laughed. "Last Monday. We believed them all last Monday!" "Last Monday!" repeated the others and, laughing, shook one another's hands in token of the new attitude that had so simultaneously come to them all.

About Clothing

Apart from the introduction of new diseases, civilization has introduced new risks. Clothing is one of these. Cheap calico has spread throughout Africa, and constantly one comes across people wearing it damp from perspiration or rain, or because they have washed and dressed again in it without waiting for it to dry. Amongst one's patients are many who are complaining of muscular rheumatic pains and who insist that this is a new disease which has come with the coming of the

white man, though they fail to connect it with the clothing he has introduced.

Many Africans still regard clothes as ornamental rather than useful and wear them in inverse ratio to their need. A lad will swank along under the blazing tropical sun, perspiring beneath the entire contents of his wardrobe which he has donned to dazzle beholders. In the privacy of his own quarters, as darkness and with it the temperature falls, he discards all his finery and sits exposed to chills. The boots that the white man generally takes such exception to, and which certainly detract from the natural, dignified walk, are, perhaps, from the medical standpoint one of the most justifiable articles of apparel, considering the risks run from reptiles, insects and infection through the skin. Yet too often they are worn when least required and discarded at night when their protection is most necessary.

Advice on such matters is apt to be misunderstood unless the racial relationship is such that frank and friendly suggestions can be heard without resentment. Too often they get the impression that the white man dislikes any approximation to his standard of living and clothing rather than that he laments the disappearance of an often magnificent physique beneath an inartistic accumulation of unsightly and insanitary clothing.

The simple cloth which women in so many parts of Africa wear wrapped round them under the

arms has much to commend it. It is national; it is economical and serviceable; it is easily washed and dried by spreading out in the sun. When much worn it can be doubled and thus made down without any trouble for a small daughter, and best of all, it has no tucks and folds to harbour vermin.

Example of White Mother

Every white mother is helping who makes friends with her African neighbors, lets them have the proud satisfaction of watching her children being fed, bathed and tucked by sunset under their mosquito curtains, and compares notes with them about their children's progress, ailments and cures. There is nothing which really convinces the African that a mother's natural nourishment is sufficient for a baby to grow and flourish on like the evidence of her own eyes. I have seen old women tearfully begging their young *dona* not to starve her day-old baby, "our little white sister, the first born to us in this country instead of coming from beyond the sea." Seven months later, as they marvelled over her progress and freedom from ailments, they confided to her mother that they had gone from their first marvellous sight of a white baby—a sight many patiently waited in queues for a glimpse of—bewailing the youth and inexperience that would assuredly result in the infant's death.

Since that date first one and then another brave Christian woman followed their white mother's lead, till at the present day a mother may sometimes be found shamefacedly pushing the baby's *bala* (gruel) out of sight, as ashamed of it as the modern American mother with her scientific training would be, if found with an old-fashioned rubber-tubed bottle. In the white mother's home they see the regular hours of feeding and the gradual introduction of more varied diet—the milk food, fruit juice, lightly cooked egg, chicken stock, mashed banana, that they have hitherto never dreamed of administering, but now resolve to try.

It is in such ways that the more open-minded section of the community are influenced and the number of living children in native Christian homes is a subject of frequent comment. In our immediate vicinity I could count families of eight, nine, ten and eleven living children. I do not know of a single heathen woman who could attempt to compete with such a record. Taking a census in which I questioned indiscriminately the first four hundred married women whom I came across, both on the mission station and during a tour among the villages, I found a lessened mortality of over 20% among the families where one or both parents were Christians. It was something like 45.5% surviving childhood in heathen families compared with 67 per cent among the Christians.

The Doctor in Action

But when all is said and done on the side of preventive measures, there is and will always remain great and urgent need for medical succor such as can only be met by the multiplying of hospitals and dispensaries, medical agents, and the training of Africans for various types of medical service to their own people. Once the confidence of the people is gained, the main problem of the doctor is to keep his practice within the limit of his time and strength. I remember discussing with the nurse who was so invaluable a colleague in later years the possibility of undertaking work among lepers, and our doubt as to the wisdom of attempting any fresh development. Then one day in came the native pastor with a pitiful story of an attractive little girl having just developed symptoms of leprosy—her mother, a Christian woman, having struggled under the heavy task of trying to keep the family safe on the one hand, and at the same time do her duty by her leper husband, whose trouble, by native law, was sufficient ground for divorce. We felt we must try to save this child at least and sent word that she was to come for treatment. But though it was done privately, the news of the possibility of healing spread. When she arrived, some thirteen or fourteen other cases in all stages of disease arrived with her—some having travelled the distance an ordinary healthy man would take three or four days to do. Thus

we were practically forced to begin a leper settlement.

It is impossible to travel to the cases requiring help, so however urgent, they have to be brought in; otherwise the doctor would never be found at the hospital.

Endless instances suggest themselves—one of a man who during the war literally crawled for a fortnight over the hills 4,000 feet in height, between our plateau and the lake shore, and was eventually picked up by the magistrate and sent on in a hammock; another of a man who had lain for a week with an undressed compound fracture of both bones of the leg, before his friends started to bring him in. One dare not sicken a reader with a description of what it was like on arrival. The general condition of the man was such that I feared to amputate lest he should die under the anaesthetic, and my "sleeping medicine" rather than his condition be blamed, for in the early days we had to be careful. I remember being almost pushed out of the hut in which he lay, by my native assistant, with the injunction, "Go away, Mama, I can attend to this. In a few days you can come back and see. Just now it is making you ill."

Fifteen months later that man, bidding us a smiling adieu, walked away on both legs. Without his powers of unlimited patience, such a result could never have been achieved.

The African as Patient

The African is a wonderful, almost ideal patient. Let the doctor win his confidence and he can do with him almost what he will. He suffers patiently, and responds marvellously to suggestion. In this lies the power of the witch doctors and the weakness of the ordinary attention and nursing from friends in their villages. When the case assumes a serious aspect, messengers are despatched to call in relations. These turn up, hear, and in the patient's presence shake their heads over the symptoms as related by those who are in charge, and wait on for the funeral, and sometimes the poor patient must feel inclined to apologize like Charles II for being "an unconscionable time a-dying."

Pneumonia used to be a very frequently fatal disease. It is still very prevalent, but once told firmly and confidently that it is like climbing a hill and that on a certain day the summit will be reached, their breathlessness will be gone, and down they will come with a slide and a bump to health again (and do they not see us making "pictures" of the climb daily and showing about where the descent will begin?) and hope tides them over the crisis. On one occasion a patient was met wandering around the station six hours after the crisis. His excuse on being remonstrated with was that he had been distinctly told that he would recover that day, and so he had. All that remained was to get his legs into working order again!

The African likes to die in his own village, and often when in hospital pleads to be taken home if he feels the end is near. This is acceded to, as it makes people more willing to come if it does not involve the prospect of dying away from home. It follows that refusal of the request is interpreted as refusal to allow a patient to die, with sometimes surprisingly effective results. One of my assistants sent to "buck up" (bakapi is now in the vernacular vocabulary) a desponding patient, came back with the assurance that it was all right—he wouldn't die now. When asked how he had accomplished the task of making him will to live, he said he had explained it was a rule in the hospital that no one was allowed to die there, without special permission, and any infringement on it would very much annoy the doctor and lead to a lot of trouble for the man who broke the rules. Taboos being a communal rather than a personal matter, the patient was duly impressed and recovered to save his friends embarrassment!

Hospital Influences

It may be claimed, I think, that in addition to teaching greater hopefulness, the hospitals foster a spirit of interest in and helpfulness to others, beyond a man's own immediate family and village circle. Here they are brought into contact with others hitherto unknown to them, and the consideration shown to all alike, but the greater interest and attention given to the worst cases, begin to in-

fect them with something of the same spirit. Perhaps the smaller, more simply run hospital has advantages in this respect.

Here is an illustration of what one meets. When some years ago a great epidemic of influenza was sweeping over Africa with frightful virulence, one small mission hospital full of other cases was by careful isolation kept free from it. But one day near its doors a lad seriously ill was picked up. There was no other vacant building on the station. The lad had to go in among the other men. The dispenser offered to do the night nursing, for he was in a very critical condition and needed the utmost care. He watched the lad devotedly till he went down himself. The night watchman next volunteered and carried on till he also fell a victim. Then the other patients offered their services. The Flu was among them by that time and almost no one escaped, though none died, but all the time this unknown slave lad was tended as he hovered between life and death, and when he began to convalesce every man in the place regarded him with benevolent pride, feeling that he had had his share in his recovery.

When in times of great food scarcity, the food allowance to patients was perforce very meagre. One frequently marvelled at the generous way those who had friends who brought supplies to supplement the ration shared what they got with the less fortunate, and more than once some real Chris-

tian might be observed coming from the home where there were incessant claims made on his hospitality to bring a dish of food to some needy, neglected and unattractive patient.

We try to insist, and I think rightly, that wherever possible, fees should be paid; yet frequently these fees, when insisted on, are borrowed, with little thought of repayment, from some of the native Christians employed on the mission station, who think more of charity and less of principle, than the European. Sometimes one is horribly taken aback by finding what they apparently think of our mercenary motives. I had on one occasion operated on an oldish man whose wife insisted on being allowed to remain with him. Seeing her looking very anxious at the close of the operation, apparently uncertain whether he was alive or dead, I proceeded to waken him up, in order to reassure her. Slowly recognition of me dawned in his eyes and I shouted cheerfully, "Wake up now. The operation is finished." He nodded, suddenly sat up, and fumbling in his loin cloth, produced two pennies which he held out to me—two being the regulation fee for treatment! Was ever surgeon more promptly paid?

But it would be easy to ramble on indefinitely with reminiscences. I should like to have told the story of a Changora, the old woman baptized late in life, who after successfully rearing her own little orphan granddaughter on the bottle, became the

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Woman at Kama

foster mother of other orphans—and adviser of others undertaking the same task. It was sometimes an irksome job and occasionally her not altogether aseptic methods brought her into collision with the dispenser and the necessity finally impressed upon her of fresh milk *every* day, prevented her in indulging in those occasional excursions accompanied by baby or food supplies, to far-away funerals in which she found refreshing recreation. But she carried on, because they were Jesus' babies and when through the gates of death she reached the entrance to heaven, "He would say to her, "Come in, Changora; you are the old woman who used to nurse babies for me at London."

There is another indelible picture of an old man once a Ngoni warrior, accustomed to the raiding and slaying of the old days, handing over to me a baby whose mother had died in a village where he was passing the night. He had pleaded with the women to save it by bringing it to the white woman but they refused. Finally he offered to do it himself, and they lifted the helpless infant lying beside the still unburied mother and laid it in his arms. Forty miles he had carried it—an unprecedented thing for a man who is not supposed to touch so young an infant. "And all along the road I gave it nothing but water, knowing you don't approve of solid feeding for infants," he remarked, looking at me with his characteristic attitude of head turned to one side, as though he thought his wisdom

almost deserved a word of approbation though of the greatness of his charity he seemed unconscious. Of course they are not all like that. Few are. But most missionaries can recall some such instance of their capacity for Christ-like service.

The Doctor's Rewards

One last instance may help to bring home the joy and reward of medical practice in Africa. Settling down one evening to an hour or two of reading before bedtime, the coffee tray by one's side, a loud and artificial cough coming from the darkness outside is heard with a sigh of dismay and the remark, "I'm sure it is a case."

The window is opened and the conjecture proved a certainty. The man outside says the midwives have told him to hurry and bring the *dona* as quickly as possible to his wife for things are going badly wrong. While my husband directs the man to call two bush-car boys from the nearest village, I hurry to don the oldest of old clothing. White shoes and stockings are the only bit of uniform *de rigeur*, as on their whiteness it is easier to notice the track of any insect inhabitant of the hut setting out on the human warpath.

By the time I am ready my husband has collected for me a bundle of newspapers for carpeting, a funnel-less lamp, and a kettle. The rest of the necessary outfit is picked up at hospital, whither presently come my one-wheeled carriage and hu-

man steeds, and on we set under the glorious starry African sky that is already almost enough to recompense for the loss of a night in bed. But on reaching the village the refreshing night air is exchanged for the smoky atmosphere of a tumble-down hut pointed out to us by one or two men piling the last ends of unburned sticks on a dying fire.

With a murmured "Odi" as a signal that I am entering, I crawl into my patient's quarters. At first the smoke and darkness absolutely blind one, but by crouching low, to avoid it, and blinking one's watering eyes, there can be gradually made out the patient now given up by the helpless midwives, and lying exhausted on an old mat. Around the walls sit some ten or twelve women. A space is cleared. The kettle replaces the native pot on the fire for quickness' sake, the lamp is lit, the newspapers spread, the bag unpacked, and we get busy.

An hour or two later there is a relieved gasp from the watching women, then there is bustle—plenty to do, work in which they can presently help. In the midst of it, the covering of the doorway is thrust aside and in crawls an oldish woman whose appearance the others greet with a low, half-kindly, half-amused laugh. "Is she alive?" she whispers hoarsely. They throw their heads back in nodding assent. She leans back against the way, shaking hers from side to side by way of expressing her

astonishment at things so far beyond her. When I have a little leisure I ask who she is, and finding it is the patient's mother, inquire why she was not here with her. "Did *I* want to see my daughter die?" she replied, using the usual counter-question form. "I crept out into the bush to hide there!" "And why did you come here now then?" "Was I not waiting for the death wail? And did I not hear an infant's cry instead? And they are both alive, and going to live?"

"Both alive and going to live," I repeat contentedly, for one never has to worry about shock and after-effects with Bantu patients; the conversation closes with a "mama" in tones of gratitude which make it equal to a presentation and address.

Before leaving the hut we bow our heads to thank God in a few simple words, and then I emerge and straighten my bent back under the glorious stars now beginning to pale a little with the first faint flush of dawn. My car-boys, who have sat nursing that outside fire all night in the company of the husband, rise as I emerge, and as I settle myself in my vehicle they inquire, "Is everything well over? Are the mother and child alive?"

"Both alive," I repeat again. Service rendered to any individual being service rendered to the community, they too, though belonging to another village, thank me, and we set off homewards.

As we drive up the avenue leading to our house I notice a light burning in the dining-room and I

know that my husband whom I had told to have his night's rest though I couldn't, has not taken my advice, but is preparing for my coming inside the house, teapot in hand. I meet him coming from the back yard where the night-watchman has been boiling water for tea and a bath. A third time I cheerily answer in the affirmative questions about all being safely over and mother and child both living. "Thank God!" murmurs my husband as we sit down to tea, the candle paling in the increasing light of dawn. "Thank God!" I repeat, feeling it is good to be alive, and a medical missionary in Central Africa.

Has one idealized it all a little, and left the shadows out of the picture? It may be, for it is the memories of lessening opposition here, and unexpected backing there, and a progress that is plainly visible when measured over a quarter of a century, that remain. Failures and setbacks have often plunged one into discouragement if not despair; always there has been the sense of weakness and inefficiency and interruptedness in the work, and only a beginning has been made. But the night is over, and looking back on what has been done, those who work in and for Africa can only say, "Thank God," as the dawn breaks and face with hope and courage the tasks the coming day will bring.

tempt to consider this supremely important question invaluable help has been received from the Phelps Stokes Fund and its director, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, who served as Chairman of two important Education Commissions which visited West and South Africa in 1920-21 and East Africa in 1924. In the reports of these two Commissions, Dr. Jones insists that education must include at least four essential things.

The first problem which the school has to tackle in Africa is the problem of health. Education in health is the indispensable foundation of progress. Secondly, the people need to be helped to understand, appreciate and control their environment. This means in Africa, very largely, the imparting of an understanding of the significance and value of the soil, and of the skill to cultivate it fruitfully. It also means the encouragement of the crafts and industries of African village life. And it means, further, helping the people to comprehend the nature of the new forces that are invading their life, and so to find their footing in the new world. The third function of the school is to assist in the creation of homes, where the child may acquire those fundamental experiences and lessons in living which the family can teach as no other human institution can. Finally, it has to be borne in mind that the hours spent outside school may have as profound influence on character as those spent within the school, and may often undo

American Board picture

Dr. McCord's Nurse and a Zulu Mother

the results that have been painfully won in the periods of teaching. Hence the fourth essential on which Dr. Jones insists is recreation, play, training in the right use of leisure.

When we talk of the education of the peoples of Africa, do we mean something that involves a break with their own past or something which is the fulfilment of that past? The danger is great that what is most truly and deeply the African's own, because it is the expression of his native aptitudes and capacities, may be submerged and lost. In that case the Africans will become what the French call *deracinés*—people without roots. The individual will be like a plant torn from its natural surroundings, with the result that its power of growth is arrested and impeded. He will lack all those deeper formative influences which are supplied not by direct instruction but by the unconscious absorption of the spirit of a society which is permeated with the rich traditions of the past.

It is part of the great task of education in Africa to build a bridge between the African's heritage from the past and the new world in which he is called to live. He must be helped by a wise education to understand, appreciate and respect both what is good and capable of development in his own past—his tribal customs and traditions, his folk-lore, art and music, and at the same time the new forces and influences that are invading his

life. He must be given the new knowledge or he will not be able to find his place in the world in which he has to live nor to deal successfully with the situation created by his contact with Europeans. But he will be able to assimilate the new knowledge only if he has his roots securely fixed in the natural soil of an enveloping and supporting social tradition.

This means that education at any rate in its early stages must be in the vernacular. The mother tongue is the medium through which the soul, the thought and feeling of a people find their natural expression. There is general agreement among educators that for the first three or four years at any rate the medium of instruction should be in the mother-tongue. This does not mean that Africans must be debarred from learning an European language; for to those who enter upon a life that takes them beyond the village the knowledge of an European language is necessary. But only through attention to the vernacular can it be hoped that the knowledge acquired by the educated leaders will reach back into the home and the common life, and help to raise the general level of the masses of the people.

To speak of education in the vernacular, however, is to conjure before the mind a task which might daunt the most stout-hearted. There is no linguistic problem in the world comparable to that of Africa. Nowhere is there such a baffling

multiplicity of languages. Portions of the Scriptures have already been translated into 243 of the languages spoken in Africa; and the languages in which there is as yet no literature at all are probably not less in number. It is difficult to measure the amount of devoted labour, the long years of patient toil which have been devoted to the mastery of these more than 200 languages, the reduction of them to writing and the preparation in them of portions of Scriptures, grammar, dictionaries and other literature. This remarkable achievement alone would assure to missions a secure place in the history of the development of the African continent. Yet the task is still only in its first beginnings. Out of the 243 languages in which there is found at least a portion of Scripture only 17 possess more than 25 books. A real literature in the mother-tongues of the peoples of Africa is still to be created.

In view of what has been said about the importance of the vernacular and the necessity of understanding the African's heritage from the past, it is encouraging to note that there has recently been brought into existence an International Institute of African Languages and Cultures. The Institute has been successful in securing the hearty coöperation not only of the missionary societies, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and of all the leading universities and learned societies throughout the world which are interested in the study

of African languages, beliefs, institutions and customs, but also the cordial backing of a number of African governments. It represents a united effort on the part of the European and American peoples to understand Africa; and only through a deep and accurate understanding of what Africa is, and what Africa really thinks and feels, can there be any hope of leading the peoples of that continent to a bright and prosperous future.

CHAPTER IV

Jean K. Mackensie

Part I

IT is hard, says Mrs. Ennis, of the chiefs of the Ovombundu, to refuse them a school. "Send me a pants," writes old Wembo Nyama to his dear friend the Bishop Lambuth, and the letter written by a wife of his, was addressed in part to President Wilson.* A request that was doubtless easy to refuse. But when a chief asks for a school it is hard. It has not yet been revealed to the missionary how to make light of these requests. Listen to one telling of such an encounter:

†"I became aware of a silence, a strange thing in a Bulu schoolroom, with its crowded benches. Something had happened. What? Glancing up I noted that all eyes were staring in the direction of the door. Some faces had even a smile of amusement. I, too, looked in the direction of the door and saw—

The Beggars

"Yes, they were from the interior, those two shapely youths, clad only in bark loin-cloth and a string of dog's teeth about the neck. Long and

*Walter Russell Lambuth, p. 52. W. W. Pinson, Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn.

†The way of a Yelinda, by George Schwab in *Women and Missions*, April 1925

well-made spears they carried. After the manner of their tribe, they entered as soon as they saw me look their way, entered with a sort of awkward rustic grace. Were they not the bearers of a request of great import to their tribe and its future?

"And whence are you and what thing is it that you bear in your hearts?" I asked. A quick glance of questioning searched my face to see if I really meant what I said, to see if I could possibly be ignorant of the nature of their errand, then—

"We are sons of the Yelinda, of Real Man Esono's town. He has sent us for a teacher."

Then came the thing I always dread, the explanation, which never convinces a Native, as to why I cannot possibly send a teacher. Long was our talk, long their pleading. But at last the inevitable. They went away very heavy of heart with my message to Real Man Esono.

Two weeks passed. Again one morning the strange silence in the schoolroom. This time there were six of the bark-loin-cloth and dog-teeth-necklace-clad youths in the door. The greater number was to make a more favorable impression on me as to the power of their chief and the importance of the message they bore.

All that day we talked about that school teacher! Did I leave the house by the front door, the six were awaiting me to renew their appeal. If it was by the back door I left, even there they were. Wherever I went they followed, always pleading.

Food I gave them and salt to season it, salt that was selling at one dollar and fifty cents a pound! "Even though we take it, can it rest well in our stomachs? Will it help our hearts when they are filled with sorrow because of the answer you give to our pleading?"

At last towards evening their spokesman called in through the open door, "We are leaving, but our parting is not the parting of friends! Your heart is indeed very hard towards our tribe, us of the Yelinda." Out into the darkening evening to a darker corner of the earth they went and joy did not go with them.

"Me, I am Real Man Esono, the head of the Yelinda! Twice have I sent my people to you, white man of the hill, for a teacher. Twice it has been you have refused to send a teacher. Why do you look down upon us of the Yelinda? Myself I have come to take a teacher." This was the greeting I received, as I was leaving our home one noon, from a husky heathen who was accompanied by a number of his wives, children and retainers. There followed the usual discussion, pleading, and final going back home of the large company with heavy hearts, all because the white man had not been able to "make" teachers as fast as the demand.

A week or ten days after his visit to me, there appeared four youths with the startling announcement on the part of their spokesman that "he,"

pointing to one of the lads, "is to carry the box of school supplies, he over there will carry the blackboard. The other one is to carry whatever things the teacher has and myself, I am to show the teacher the path to our town!"

"Yes, but who are you and where is the teacher?"

"*He Eke!* and you do not know that we are Yelinda, of Real Man's Esono's? The teacher is here!"

"Where is he? I want to see him."

"Look, white man, the boys are *bizuke buzuk*" (uncountable for multitude) "in the schoolhouse. We want only one!"

"Which one?"

"We'll show you!" and they did. That he was not of the first class, that he did not know very much—no matter! He was the one. So I called him out and we talked the matter over. To the Yelinda he stood for a knowledge of the things of the white man, of the white man's God. And he consented to go. And the Yelinda proved to have been good pickers."

Demands and Ideals

This tale, which will not make light reading for missionaries, should help to explain why there are so many village schools in Africa. In the mission schools, village and central station schools there are a million pupils under Protestant care and as many under Catholic—so says Edwin

DRAMATICS IN AFRICAN SCHOOL
1. Pharaoh Makes Joseph Ruler of Egypt
2. The Cup Is Found in Benjamin's Sack

Smith in *The Golden Stool.* Nine tenths of the education of Africa is in the hands of the Christian missionary, and that is but to have touched the fringe of her education. Those young Yelinda at the door of a schoolhouse in a forest clearing were Africa herself, speaking her present stubborn intention to be educated. She is looking at you through the window—it is your Mission's report—she is asking you to educate her. She stands at the door—it is your Board's Candidate Committee, and she is begging you for a man and a woman. "See how many you have," she says—"they are bizuke buzuk." "Send me a good one," she says; and over her shoulder is the group of her friends; they say—"send her the best." "Prepare her for her life," says Thomas Jesse Jones, who has visited her, and knows. "Don't shut her in a cage; teach her to fly, she is an eagle," says Dr. Aggrey. "Teach her to use and to use better the material at her door," says one Mission. "Above all," says Sir Lugard, "see that the system of education is such as to produce happiness and progress." "Teach her to love her tribe and to serve it," says A. G. Fraser of Achimota. They all say: "Character training! Train her to meet the shocks of her time." And Sir Gordon Guggisberg, Governor of the Gold Coast, says: "Character training that is not based on the real life and teachings of Jesus Christ is no character training at all,—for the methods and life of civilisation which accompany

education remove the old sanctions, and, without Christianity, do nothing to replace them."

Yes, they speak of these great duties of the Christian to Africa. Education, they tell him, is the finest God-given instrument for the evangelisation and the upbuilding of a new Africa. And they remind the missionary of Christ—that the educated African is to be Christlike—You can get another ivory, they tell him, but you can never get another primitive African for Christ.

This then is the problem of the missionary in Africa—that he is to lead his primitive man, by the thousands and the millions, through the mazes of his adventure—commercial, mechanical, governmental, domestic, agricultural, industrial and academic—by the rule of Christ. And, this he is to do under Colonial supervision, at the best with Governmental help. At the worst he is to do it against the will and with the opposition of his Government, for there are places in Africa like that. But in the main he is to do it in lonely places —supplying the ideal and the will and the machinery of himself, and adapting the program of this great Christian effort to the place where he is, and to the circumstance of the people among whom he is at work.

The Pioneer as Educator

The members of the Belgian Conference were agreed that the school must be conceived as a

community center from which there radiate new influences upon the life of the people. Nothing could initiate such a work more really than the building of a pioneer station. The white man himself is the beginnings of education in an African tribe. You will note that Mr. Oldham has said so, and every pioneer missionary remembers an initial phase of his work when the things of the station in the making were the immediate education of the local people. He will remember the days and the months of unwinking, myriad, attentive gaze at all the activities of clearing and building and furnishing the little cabins of the first village of the people of the tribe of God. *Dr. Leslie hewed the Congo station of Vanga out of the wilderness with his two axes, a hammer, a box of nails,—paying his way with two bales of cloth and ten sacks of salt. Vanga is a fully equipped station now, but Dr. Leslie will remember till he dies those days of 1913 and the endless questions he then answered. Those beginnings were the first school in that wilderness. These elements of education were there: the seed he planted, the spring he cleared, the latrine he devised, the wattled cabin he built, the screen at the window, the net above the bed, the clean bowl upon the table, the clock that called the work hour, the day that was pay day, the day that was play day, the day that was Sunday,—and over all the bless-

*Rock Breakers—p. 40 by Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo

ing of God who cares for men, their seed, their water, their roof tree, their work, and their immortal life. All these things to be observed, to be spoken of about the night fires in the villages—all seeds of a new custom and manner of living not yet discerned as such.

Young Helser and Kulp in their chosen Hawal valley in Northern Nigeria, beginning the building of their pioneer station on a morning of March in 1923—imagine how they were observed by their Bura workmen.

*"This morning before the sun was up the labourers came and we started work. I told the men that this was not an ordinary house but one dedicated to the Honour and Glory of Jesus Christ." Strange name, not known in those parts. Then one of the white men is seen to read from a book—strange power, not common in these parts. Then they kneel, they address their God. It is observed.

"As we rose from our knees the sun was just peeping over the mountain and we greeted the dawn of a new day for all. Each of us took a native digger and dug the two front corners of the house and in our heart we prayed that Christ might be our Chief Corner Stone and our sure Foundation. Thus was the work started."

Yes, and that was the beginning among the Bura people of their modern education—happy are they that their first adventure with a clock and

*In sunny Nigeria by Rev. A. D. Helser

a boss and a work bell and a day's work and a day's wages were to go forward in such a new town as that. And they will know it—this benefit will not be forgotten by them in the days to come when their inevitable changes have come upon them, and they find themselves equipped in great or less measure to meet and survive them. Their children will be told how good men set about a new enterprise. Though it may be that they then said, as the men about Vanga were early heard to say—"Why does the white man need those buildings? He uses them to keep the souls of our people whom he eats."

The Bible as Educator

And they were right thus far—that the missionaries first concern with the people of Vanga was for their souls. There was not a house built in that clearing but was dedicated to the salvation, health and education of the soul of the Congo. The missionary arrives with a book in hand—the old caricatures of him, Bible in hand, are the truth about him,—there is a book in every cornerstone of a station. It comes with him a book in his own tongue, but how soon it is a Word blown about the countryside in the language of the soul of the people. Christ is that Word. You will note that Mr. Oldham says there are portions of the Scripture translated into 243 of the languages of Africa; those tongues were literally snared in the

net of the Bible. They came to exist as a written reality as the Word of God—the love of God for men was the first load they ever carried in a caravan on a printed page. The primitive tribes of Africa in so far as they have a language in print begin with the Bible—and with those parts of the Bible which have to do with Christ, who is the Word. The extraordinary response of the African, in the last decade, to the Christian religion is a witness to the affinity between Christ the Word, and his soul. Among the diverse aspects of the modern African, and in the manifold human busyness of his education, there remains ever and everywhere the soul to be dealt with—the soul of a religious man, and often a homesick soul. You cannot comfort that soul with a shoe and a shirt, nor a gramaphone, nor a fine speech in a foreign tongue. "Come and listen," he says to his fellows—and I have literally heard him say this—"Come and listen to the voices of Home." The King of the Kasai when he heard young Lapsley speaking the language of the people said—"You don't know it but you are one of the family."*

Edwin Smith says that there are hundreds of thousands of Africans learning to read the Bible and to order their ways according to its teachings. Those teachings, read with an innocent eye, are dynamic in their effect. It was a prophetic old chief of the Thonga to whom messengers from the

*Pioneers in the Congo.

Swiss Mission showed the Bible and he said: "Indeed! And is this the thing by which we are vanquished!" Wrapped in leaves, in the skin of animals, in the waterproof paper of commerce, in bandannas,—smelling of mold, of the salt fish of the carrier's load, of the smoke of wood fires,—discolored by use, by the gnawings of roaches, of termites—it filters through Africa. It is read under the eaves in primitive villages; school boys and school girls read it to their elders by the light of the fires in home palaver houses; it is read by girls who have gone from home to strange marriages; it is read by the little house maid who sleeps in the tin hut back of the grand house in Johannesburgh; it is read in the many tongues that are spoken on the Rand. It has been until now the initial educational experience of the awakened African. The Bulu say—"If you have a thing to beg of a friend, go to him before the dawn, call to him under the eaves of his house before he wakes, and when he wakes at your voice, beg of him the thing you would have—he cannot refuse you; he will say in his heart—my friend could not sleep for longing of the thing he begs." So indeed has many a one been wakened to his new day by the Voice of Christ begging for the thing He wants. When you read of whole villages astir and begging for the things of progress before the mission had so much as visited them, you may know that some one had been wakened in that village before the

dawn, by some Word of the Word of God. Nothing in the world could be more moving to the Christian than the aspirations of such a village.

African Aspirations

Bishop Lasbrey is going about his See of Nigeria and everywhere they beg him for teachers. A woman comes in from back country on a bicycle—she has a village back in there, they want a teacher. The head chief of the big town of Utagba comes a way out to meet the Bishop in his motor car, and he is a man "partially naked, wearing a crown of leopards teeth, with a big feather sticking out of his hair, and another chief with him in much the same costume and with rings of white paint around his eyes as a sort of decoration, driving about in a remote part of the Central Province of Nigeria in a motor car which had been made in Birmingham!" More chiefs are there to meet them when they drive into that town, which is of an old pattern. And they attend him in court to salute him—and to beg him for teachers. "We want the light," they say. "Our children are growing up in darkness, while others know the truth. Give us the light."*

I speak at such length of these things, and of the spirit in which many primitive African peoples approach the things of progress, because this is in part at least, the kind of thing that is meant

*Tales from the African Jungles—Pie Series. C. M. S. Publication.

when you read in a book that the African himself is clamoring for education,—that Native thought is on the move, that Native aspiration is being roused. Two little naked boys coming to the station to buy a book,—a woman strangely enough on a bicycle, accosting a Bishop by a Nigeria wayside,—waiting lists when the supply of Bibles has run out,—the gilded youth of the Yelinda tribe in the Cameroun waiting at every door of the station school for their desired teacher—all these are like little straws that blow in a rising wind. All these of the more primitive type believing in us—that we will know that they are here so early this morning because they long so much for what we have to give them, and that we cannot refuse them. Never guessing to what straits they put us, when they rise as a race to be educated.

The School in Action

These are the beggars without the house, but when the door of the school is opened, what a clamor is there! A million Protestant and a million Catholic pupils under the hand of the Christian mission in Africa, that must strive to preserve every one of these for Christ, must set every foot of them on a sure rock beneath the currents of change, must train every hand of them to the reading of a book, the making of bread, the driving of a plough, the raising of cattle, the building of a house, the building of a home, the service

of a village, the service of a tribe,—and must train every heart of them to a sense of community responsibility that will weather the disintegrations of the times, and enable every one of them to meet the change in Native life as it develops with an inevitable swift current toward civilisation. To read the reports of the two surveys of the Phelps Stokes Commission, covering the educational efforts of the Governments and the missions at work in Africa, is to step into the workshop of a world. The saw mills, the printing presses, the brick kilns, carpenters at their benches, blacksmiths at their anvils, girls making soap, girls making candles, carding wool, weaving,—potters at work, cobblers at work—what a business and an uproar! And you thought, perhaps, when you saw the missionary go in to the schoolroom with his Bible, that there was to be a great silence and an interminable reading. But no, the poor fellow is in there filling a large order. Orders are coming in from every side.

And if among my readers there are those who would take exception to this foregone conclusion that the primitive African must of necessity find his footing in the modern world, let him take account of this—that he means to do so. That he has his entrance fee in his hand—it is cocoa, it is oil, it is rubber, it is cotton, it is gold, it is lumber, it is a diamond—and many another thing beside. Unless the African is to be more cruelly exploited

than we can bear to think, and more cruelly left to such exploitation than the Christian can in conscience be resigned to leave him, the Christian mission must be ready to help him to that equipment for civilisation which is his growing demand.

Diego Cao in the sixteenth century asked for laborers and artisans to teach his people, and oxen to till his ground. There are trees still standing in Rhodesia to witness for the Portuguese missionaries of the age that followed—as there have been trees to witness for every mission settlement since then. In 1837 Sir Alfred Buxton was talking about the gospel and the plow, and every report from every mission since has had something to say about agriculture. In an old sketch of the American Baptist mission in 1863 it is to be read that there are a hundred Yankee plows at work in the fields. Today about some of the greater mission stations in Africa, the plows in use were made on the ground. In 1877 when Mackay went into Uganda his supplies piled in heaps to be loaded in his boat were listed by him as follows: "Boiler shells and books, cowrie shells and candle moulds, papers and piston rods, steam pipes and stationery, printers types and tent poles, carbolic acid, cartridges, and chloroform, saws and garden seeds,—pumps and ploughs, portable forges and boiler fittings."

In 1874 Muhlenberg Institute was established with a carpenter, a blacksmith, a machine shop

and 590 acres of land. Blantyre began with a doctor and five artisans. These were some of the beginnings of that business in the schools of Africa, which is typical of many of the better equipped modern missions. To speak of Old Umtali alone, as seen by the Phelps Stokes Commission—is to deal, not with teachers only, or teacher pastors, but with farmers, the value of tillage, the use of fertilizer, irrigation, animal husbandry, vegetables and markets, and the triumphant assertion that all the market gardening in the town of Umtali is now in the hands of Natives.

"Do you long to help solve the great food problem of the world?" Writes a missionary from Angola, "Here is a field for you, worthy of your highest scholarship, your utmost ingenuity, your best effort. For here you may fight hunger in the front line trenches and have the joy of conquest."

And having read that, read this letter from a pastor teacher, writing to his friend H. E. Taylor of Amanzimtota. It is written in the English that is a Zulu accomplishment:

"All the people were in trouble about vegetable, about digging garden and when I talk to them about manure from the chickens they say, we are not dirty people.

"Jesus say, 'not all talking but doing.'

"I took my hoe and digged gardens beds. Four beds I did put manure. People say, 'How can

you take manure from chickens house? Are you not fraid tis bad smell?'

"So I plant two beds for shallots, two beds for lettuce, two beds for cabbage, two beds for rapes.

"I ask the people, 'Are you like to see my garden? I want you to see the different you find between them.'

"They say, 'Some beds they have poor vegetables, how tis happen?'

"I say, 'Tis the reason they have no manure. Taste the vegetables in every beds. They bad taste? No, all they are right. You believe they have different. My teacher did teach me. I did put manure. That manure I did take from chickens house. If you want I will teach you.'

"They say, 'We do like you will teach us about gardens.'"

This nameless fellow thinks he is writing poetry —I know him. I have read such letters in the Bulu language about the Lord Jesus and His relation to the things of the garden, of the work shop, of the home. There is indeed a glow in these adventures of Christians busy in a world that Christ has made all new. A boy in Natal, riding up to St. Hilda's school for Native girls, with a bag of wool clipped from his own sheep, and returning presently to receive the blanket woven for him by the girls, rides away in another climate than the day that hung about the cattle kraal of his fathers, or the air under the thatch of a trading

post. It is a golden moment in time when a people with an age-old religious conviction of a supernatural presence in the world find that presence to be benign and a blessing in the field and at the forge. This is what Mrs. Ennis means when she says:*

"A subtle task devolves upon the African industrial educator. It is the unifying of life, the correlating of the daily round, the common task, with the highest issues of the human heart."

And it is for such ends as this, as well as for the character training in the upper schools of Africa, that there are needed those "Practical Mystics" of whom A. G. Fraser spoke, wishing for a staff of them for the Prince of Wales College, Achimota, on the Gold Coast.

Educated Africa

Of the greater educational institutions in Africa it might be said, as Dr. Jones said of Livingstonia Institution, that their work is so varied as to make adequate description almost impossible. It is their aim, as he said of Livingstonia, to supply both the machinery and the ideals of a Christian civilisation. From these go out the educated youth of Africa to do their part in the world. The graduates of these higher institutions speak the languages of their respective Governments; they

*The Hope of Glory. Pamphlet published by the American Board, 1917.

have been educated along the prescribed lines of the Government curriculums; they are prepared to fill the positions that are implicit in an African colony, and they may aspire to good wages. They are intelligent, else they would not have run so far in so short a time, nor would they be so facile in such unused directions,—M. Louis Franck said of the medical assistants who had been trained in the Belgian Congo that in one thousand examinations by microscope, several reported without error. All of them will be offered lucrative careers and many of them will have an opportunity to go abroad for extended education. These become the lawyers, editors, professional and business men of the civilised parts of Africa. Some are of an international fame and admired for their parts and their genius. But for the purposes of this book, it is to be noted that many of the graduates from the Mission institutions become the teachers and the pastors of the people of Africa. Accepting meagre wages, they deny themselves to do this; they travel far—you will find graduates from Amanzimtota far up into Rhodesia—and girls trained as nurses in Durban living and working alone in the tribes of strangers. The thousands of little schools of Africa, the thousands of groups of Christians—these are their charges.

That these young people should have the best of training for this most creative work is of the

utmost importance to the future of their country, and to the kingdom of God in the world. That they should have adequate oversight is the vital problem of every mission—nothing has been more stressed in recent conferences about Africa. For the village schools are the great dynamic of primitive Africa, they are an attack on old and evil things at the very base. They have great faults at their worst, but even at their worst there is some seed of betterment that will lodge in a boy's heart or a girl's. There have been in every mission teachers who have stolen the tuition monies. There have been lazy teachers. And even absentee teachers. But for the great body of the young men and women who teach the village schools of Africa—they are of good report, able and worthy of that development which it is the passionate hope of every mission to give them, when the church at home has come to know the need.

The Village School

The village schools of Africa are embedded in the life of the people. They spring up in the least likely places—Dr. Riggs* when he visited his Belgian Congo field saw these schools and did not despise them—did not miss what was promising, even in the school at the Capitol village of the old chief Chisendi near Chisamba. He was a dirty old man, chief of 30,000 people, and surrounded

*What of the Bantus? Rev. E. W. Riggs

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Zulu Mother

by squalor and misery. The school in a town like this will have exactly the background of the village, the fifteen school children of the village of Chisendi must meet in the palaver house until the school is built by that young man who is their saviour. He is a graduate from the Currie institute at Dondi. He had been four months with the school when the tremendous day of THE VISIT dawned. That lad, with his fifteen little ragamuffins—if the term may pass—was more like an anxious mother than some mothers are—wishing and hoping for the best when the white man should come, who was now talking with old Chisendi, where he sat with his jigger boy busy at his toes. Ha! the white man comes—his shadow darkens the entrance to the palaver house. Fifteen naked children rise to salute him. They sing the Portuguese National Anthem, as of course, being Portuguese subjects they must do, and they sing Christian songs, as being the children of a Christian school they would do. They repeat the Lord's prayer in their own tongue, they recite the first and the twenty-third psalm in their tongue with that wonderful unity and feeling for rhythm that is one of the most rich of their racial gifts. They go counting to a hundred in Portuguese—and all the time their little hearts are beating, their eyes take courage from their teacher who, if he were white, would be pale with the strain of this occasion—so momentous for his first school, and the first school

in the village of Chisendi. These things of the foreign tongue, so strange to the spirit of the tribe—do not take them to be the measure of that boy's service to his children; they are the prescribed curriculum of even a primary school in Portuguese territory—the presence of the Christian youth in that village touches the life of every person in it. The building of the new house in which they share—and it is a community house,—the food he eats, which is a tax upon the women of the village, and the water he drinks brought him by the hand of friends, the Word of God which he reads morning and evening in that old palaver house—there is not a crumb or a grain or a drop of water of all this but is a difference in that village. Dr. Riggs felt this, but he could not know how deep into the heart of such a village the things of school had pierced—only such as old Chisendi could know that.

And presently Dr. Riggs is taken to the village of Onjemba where there are eighty houses and each a Christian home. There are walled gardens on each side of the street of this village, and the houses in the gardens have three or four rooms. There is an irrigation ditch. The village is clean. There is a guest house ready for the visiting missionary or the Portuguese official when he comes to write up the taxes. All very fine. And the people rush out of their houses to greet Dr. Riggs—crowds of delighted boys and girls throwing leaves

into the air in honor of the delighted Dr. Riggs. The church and the school are the heart of that community.

Well, I must say, as one who has seen such reclaimed villages in Africa, that this is a sample of the better sort. There are thousands like this, where what Dr. Loram calls the "natural gaiety and ease" of the people flourishes in a native air. Travellers, when they come to such villages, are suddenly released from a long oppression.

The Teacher

The school of the Yelinda, whose chief was so concerned to have it, would be unlike the sordid school of Chisemba, or the Christian village of Onjemba; an ambitious chief would not have a sordid school, neither would the custom of his village become over night the custom of a Christian village. But a good and wise young man coming into his village at his invitation would have access to the Chief, and to every concern in that village. Character, capacity, and goodness are never without recognition from the African—even when they are antipathetical. When they are sought as an element in village life, they are given large scope, and it surely behooves us as Christians to enlarge our every thought of the little schools of Africa, and to strain every nerve to train such groups as can best and in the shortest time influence the transformations that are inevitable. This young man

starting out to teach a term in a village school, will have left his mark at the end of his four months on every hut in the village. He himself will have a better house—be sure the chief of the Yelinda notes the building of that better house. He is not eating off the floor but will have a little table and a bench or chair. His family—for the majority of these are married—eat with him, and they eat from dishes that are washed—individual dishes rather than the common pot, and with each a spoon. They use soap, they wash what they have of clothing. He plants in that village where he is at work—as he has planted in his home town—fruit seeds, flower seeds and cuttings. It should be noted that very commonly a school boy does this on his return from a station school, often bringing trees when he can obtain them, so that you may hope, when you visit your mission field in Africa, to find the mango, the avacto pear, oranges, lemons, grape fruit and many other things that have penetrated the country with the school boy, as well as with the village teacher.

He has a lantern and the day is longer in his house than in another house of the village. He is strict in the discipline of his little school and the conduct of those who visit him in his house; rumor runs all through the village that the teacher, before he eats, washes his hands. The teacher, after he has eaten, washes his spoon. The teacher washes his cloth. The teacher will not have a boy

or a girl who neglects jiggers. The teacher has begged the leper not to eat with those who are well, rather to sit on his own little stool. The teacher has medicine for itch, for yaws, for "heat in the body." The teacher has gone to beg the husband of the woman whose baby has died that he shall not punish her. The teacher has gone with a group of boys to clean out the spring.

It is for such as these that there must be normal schools and teachers, training centers and Supervising teachers to visit and counsel with overburdened youths who are carrying Africa on their backs.

Part II

Education and the Woman

While I have been telling about these little schools of Africa I have been thinking of the women in the villages where there are teachers. Wistful women. Sometimes it is they, rather than the chief, who have hatched out their school. The woman of primitive Africa watches the world from the door of her hut, and from the side of the lintel. She is of all women the most self-protective against the scorn of men, and beneath her meekness and her avowed inferiority there is a vein of irony that has preserved her like a salt. And like a salt it is an irritant to her men. Mrs. Buxton tells me of a maddened evangelist who told her of a class of women that they were like so many birds of the Jungle. Yes, like so many birds of the

Jungle they repeated the lesson he taught them—and after much time I say—"Now what have you been learning, you women?" And they cruelly answer that young man—"How should we know? You taught us, you ought to know!" But if he could hear them talking together as they sit with the grinding stone between their outstretched legs, he would have known what they had learned of what he had taught them. For women among women are not like birds of the Jungle. That youth himself was the son of woman and would starve, poor silly, if a woman did not feed him. "Where are you going?" Mrs. Schwab asked of a group of stalwart men moving in a body along a forest trail, and they said they were going to school. "The women won't marry us if we won't learn to *read*!"

"The African woman," said Mrs. Max Yergan* to me, out of her experience in South Africa, "is a creative type. Especially she is ready to do for the girls of Africa but she is confused, not knowing what can be done." And she was speaking of women already carried out of their normal circumstance by the currents of change. But the Christian woman in a primitive village is not confused; she thinks she sees her path straight before her—it seems to her in this springtime of her Christian adventure to be difficult but plain. It is the way

*Max Yergan, An American Negro, is Student Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., S. A.

of the tribe of the people of God. It is a following of the law of that tribe. It is a learning of the Word—if it might be, it is a reading of the Word. Mrs. Wilkie has caught exactly that wistful longing, that fingering of the Book of the Word of God by those who would read it if they could. These are they who come slipping into the house of the teacher with a pot of food they have made for him, wishful to breathe the air of progress that hangs about that house. Seeing there the young woman who has been educated in the mission schools, they form high hopes for their own daughters—a marriage like that now, how fine it is! For the things of school and the things of marriage begin to combine, in their perception, as a vision of life. The old men claim that they fear the things of school for their girls, and they have to see the school to be reassured. The fine sight of the little girls at work in the school gardens has convinced many an old headman that his daughter or his child-wife might be the better for what she would learn in school, but the mothers of Africa look in at the door of the Christian home of the teacher and his wife and they see a new world. They watch it all day, and at night when the lantern burns in that little house where all is clean and ordered, they look in. They come softly in and sit on the bench that is there. The young people are polite to them. Such women said to a friend of mine of such a family—"We never knew a house

could be like that. They never quarrel and when we enter we feel as if Christ were a member of their family."

If we are going to think adequately of the African woman and her place in the tribe of the people of God, her relation to the health problems of her house and her village, and her attitude to the world revealed to her by that modern education which is in the air she breathes and which is displacing with every tick of that new thing—the clock—the world she was born to, we must do her receptivity the honor which it has deserved. And to do this we must salute the old, when they have deserved it. Experimental old age has not been lacking in African womanhood. An old woman telling of a month's journey among strangers—going to see her son by strange paths, a thing she could never have done before the Words of God had come into that forest—said for herself: "Truly my body is that of an old woman but the Word of God has made my heart that of a maiden." Such a maiden-hearted old woman as this has the most revolutionary dreams—and one of them is, that the girls of the family shall go to school. "And don't you marry one," she tells them, "who cannot read!"

Such thoughts as this, such words as this pass between woman sitting on their low stools beside the fire, where the evening meal steams in the clay pot that is made after the old fashion; nothing is new in that house where the fishing net hangs on

The Little Dietitians. Scene from a Girls' School, Angola
Woman Grinding Corn

the wall, and the bed of bamboo or of clay is dark with oil, and the hen cackles in the corner,—nothing is new but the word that passes. At its first passing it is no more than a sigh.

The Girls in School

But wait a bit—there they are, the girls, in school. To the schools in the primitive places of Africa they come with their young tattooed bodies, carrying their cooking pots on their heads, walking in the way before the man to whom they belong—father or brother or husband. They are delivered over to the white woman who is now to be their mother, with something like Mr. Oldham's comment about the dangers of uprooting the African. This girl, the white woman is told, must not be spoiled for her sphere—which is in the field. She must not be made a proud woman, who has lost her place in the village; she must not learn to be saucy. So say the old men, turning over little girls. The girls' school is to keep faith with these who are the realists in the matter of women, their sphere and their education.

When it is a woman has brought the girl to school, the white woman is bid to make a Christian of that girl—"I want my daughter to be a person of the Tribe of God. I want her to read. I don't want my daughter to be as I have been—ignorant as a hen." And that too is a pledge to be kept by the girls' school.

When a young man, himself in school, brings the girl on whom he has paid the bride price and she is now his,—he gives her to the school to be made a new woman. "I want a wife that will know the new things of learning, and who will be like myself, a person of the tribe of God. Because I shall have but one wife, she is to be wise in all ways of the garden; because she is to bear any child I have, you may keep her until you shall yourself say she is marriageable. She must not learn to be lazy—for who is to keep my house but herself? And I want her to know all things of the new houses that we now build, we who are young —and I wear trousers when I am dressed, she is to know how to wash and to iron." And many other ambitious suggestions for the education of that little bush girl who has no cover but her skin, and who listens as she should do with her eyes cast down—her so attentive bright and eager eyes that are soon to be filled with the things of school.

A village of girls filled with orderly houses—the houses of girls. Young girl cooks of whom in turn you shall be one—in a girls' kitchen where the pots on the fire have an odor of good food cooked after the old fashion. Young girls setting a place that is called a table with clean bowls and spoons—one for each. Young girls asking God the Creator to bless the food. Young girls bathing in the stream, fishing in the stream—swimming and laughing. Hours of learning in the house of learning—hours

of working in the girls' garden,—where you cherish with your hands the good things that come up out of the earth, as your mother has done before you and as it is in your blood to do. Hours of play in the clearing of the girls' village with the moon shining perhaps, and the white woman visiting you perhaps, to see you play, to hear you sing the old play songs. Watching you play the singing game of the chickens and the wild cat and the brave mother hen. Watching you play the game of the birds in the nest, listening to the chirping of the least little girls from the nest among the palm branches that are held by the girls who are the trees, listening to the song of the girl-trees, watching the mother bird drive away the villains of the game who range about the trees and try to spoil the nest—and thinking while she watches and she listens how much there is of the maternal in the games. Thinking how much there is here to build on. And building on it—so that presently a girl who was new a season ago is now another girl. She is your little mother in that village where all is youth. And over all your activities, so regulated as to please your old father and your mother and the young man who is to marry you perhaps, the care of an African Christian woman. An old good woman, or a young woman good too, who cares for you in all your ways. Your ways of laziness, she corrects them. Your ways of dirtiness, she pursues them. Your jiggers, she will not have them.

Your lying, your stealing, your sulks, your mad tempers, she deals with these. She tells you often that it is not so long ago she was such a little girl as you are.

Women as Leaders in Schools

There is nothing more extraordinary in the development of Africa than the part that is played by the matrons of the girls' schools. There have been found in least likely places and in the most pioneer of adventures, women who have accepted this most difficult responsibility and have known how to carry it. Young ones and old ones, they will come back to the mind of the missionary who may chance to read these pages—their dignity, their moral genius, their patience, their effective contacts with the wild things put in their care. Listen to what Mrs. Ennis has to say for her friend Kosale:

"There are people whose personality gives forth an aroma which subtly satisfies. The thought of them, undimmed by time or space, produces the same effect as their presence. None of us has very many people in that inner shrine but happy are we if there are a few. For me there is Kosale.

"Kosale is the housemother of the girls at Keep Cottage, Sacikela. I see her, brown, slender, erect, as she stands at attention when I enter the room. This is not the etiquette of callers; it is a little way which she has taken on from the school girls and I think she does it for their sakes. Her intuition is

so fine that I would not venture to question it. She has come to bring me a present of sweet potatoes, perhaps, or half a dozen eggs. If it is sweet potatoes they are washed and polished to a degree and the basket in which she brings them has just been scrubbed. If it is eggs, they are the very freshest laid because she knows I like them so.

"Kosale cannot read nor write. She grew up and married and bore her children under the rites and ceremonies of her people. She was widowed and laid out as one dead beside her dead husband. She was inherited by her husband's brother and added to his harem. All this before she came to know of the 'Word.' She must have been an extraordinary woman always but I have seen her grow and ripen in these later years until she has become the very finest of the wheat.

"I see her among her girls, Mai Kosale, mother to them all, wearing a sweet dignity and a gay approachableness that wins them and binds them to her. 'Ah Ndona,' she said to me, 'in here,' indicating her own sanctum in the Cottage, 'we have settled many things; I take them in here one by one!' And I know very well that the influence she has exerted there will go on and on to eternity. She is unable to master details of administration but she succeeds because she takes every girl to her heart and deals with her personally.

"I love to think of her as a mother. From her I have learned a respect for the personality of other

people, including that of little children which is, as I come to think of it carefully, a very rare quality. She is the mother of four sons and one daughter. They are all of them eminently respectable people, one of them an elder in the church, one an out-station teacher, another an overseer of agriculture in the boys' school, while the fourth is still in school. The daughter is the wife of a teacher who has gone five days away to be the missionary to a people of another tribe. Besides these she has brought up three daughters of her sister. As a mere physical achievement this does not set her apart from other women, but the fine deference with which she treats her grown sons and daughters is comparable only with the bearing of some families of exquisite breeding.

"It was at a farewell meeting with the girls that Kosale, ever reserved, felt moved to a bit of self explanation. She reviewed her life and how she had been called to take up this work in the girls' house and how people warned her of its extreme difficulties and the pitfalls that awaited her unwary feet. 'But,' she said 'the Lord has been with me every step of the way and has helped me to curb my waywardnesses. *She* knows,' pointing to a niece who sat at the table, leader of the meeting, 'that I was not always so, that I used to be violent of temper and would slap and scold her; but the Lord Jesus has taught me better ways here with my girls and I thank Him and them.'

"So this, my exquisitely poised matron, is what she is by the grace of God applied."

Schools and Homes

Dr. Lerrigo says of the educational work at Vanga, that this is a plant working for marriages and for homes. And he tells of that school for the girls who are engaged to the boys who are in the Vanga school. These girls are trained for the home life into which presently they graduate as married women in the model village built behind the mission station. There the young husband has built a house for his bride; it is a house of two rooms, made of wood and clay, there are windows and doors in that house, and chairs and a table. There is a mosquito net above the bed. A vegetable garden is about it, and there are hens and perhaps a goat. It is not in any reader of mine to imagine the grandeur of those houses, nor how fine that village looks. The boy and girl must make haste to enjoy it, for soon—in a year or two—they must return to their home village carrying with them all they learned, on their honeymoon, of spacious ways and cleaner living.

With such a program as this the people of Vanga may well say that the schools there work for marriages and for homes. But so do humbler schools in humbler ways, and so must every woman do who works in a girls' school. Especially, let us say,

better marriages—for marriages in Africa come to pass as regularly as the flowers blow.

Leaders The Aim

"The schools at Dondi," Miss Dibble says, "have but one aim. First of all, lest you may not know about our Educational system in the West Central Africa Mission, let me write briefly of it. It has but one aim: *the development and training of native leadership*. To accomplish this aim we have a three-fold program: 1. Instruction 2. Training 3. Service. Instruction is given for four or five years in the outstation schools by native teachers; the brightest, most promising pupils are sent from there to the station schools where another period of four or five years of instruction is given under the direct supervision of a missionary teacher. Then those who have shown particular ability are chosen to go to the Central Training Schools at Dondi, either Currie Institute for the young men or Means Training School for the young women. These two institutions give definite training for Christian leadership in the villages. So great is the need in hundreds of villages for this leadership that very few of our graduates go back to their own villages (unless there is no Christian leader there) but rather they are themselves true missionaries and go to open up Christian work in villages where the people have had no opportunity to hear the word of God or to have any education.

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Kikuyo Woman Carrying Heavy Load

So you see they put into use in Christian service the training which they received at the Training Schools at Dondi. This gives a bird's-eye view of our educational aim and program.

"As the value of any school is judged by the work of its graduates, allow me to tell you the story of just a few of our girls.

Birete the Leader

"First, Birete: Birete is the daughter of one of the first converts in the mission. She had the advantage of a Christian home influence. Her parents though illiterate themselves wished their daughter to have an education, and this desire was shared by her. Though great trials and tribulations came to that little home, Birete persevered and finally graduated from Means School. She was such a splendid influence while a student at Dondi that she was asked to become a member of the native staff of Means Training School where she gave loyal and efficient service. At the end of her second year of teaching she was married to Kalundulu, a graduate of Currie Institute. They immediately joined Mr. and Mrs. McDowell at the Galange Station.* Now for three years they have been of untold assistance in the building up of that great work.

"In spite of the fact that she teaches in the

*This is a station manned by American Negroes.

school daily, Birete's home is a model home. It is neat and comfortable."

Miss Dibble visited this home two years after these young people built it. Her visit was unannounced, but the children of the village took care of that and Birete "on winged feet" runs to meet her. She has a little daughter. She has a garden. A house in the garden. A fireplace and a chimney. Oh, I cannot tell of all the things Birete had in her house that were the handiwork of herself or her husband; but one thing more I must tell you—that she had a crib for her baby, clean and sweet, and there was a mosquito net hanging over that little bed!

I suppose you have not an idea in the world about how terribly romantic all this is—perhaps you think it is no more than should be expected after fifty years of mission work among the Ovimbundu people. But I give you my word—Birete sitting in that little house so happily with Miss Dibble has made what an experienced anthropologist has called—"The leap of the centuries." And now she is telling about her activities on the safe side of her leap.

"She told of the work she was doing in the school, for she taught the women and girls basketry, sewing, care of the home and children while her husband taught the boys and men carpentry and masonry. 'What about your fields, Birete?' I inquired. In native society it is the woman who

cultivates the fields and provides the food for the family, so I was curious to know just how they were getting the field work done if Birete spent so much time in keeping up her home and also taught in the school. 'Oh, Kalundulu and I work them *together* after school hours,' was the reply. I asked what the other men and women thought of such an arrangement and was delighted to hear that a number of the Christians of the community were adopting the practice of sharing burdens and responsibilities.

Then she told of the Sunday Services, daily morning and evening prayers and classes in Bible and Christian teaching which they shared with the missionaries in charge, and added with deep earnestness, 'Ondona, this is where it must start, for without a change of heart the outward changes would never come; without courage and power which comes from God they would never be able to break with the old life. Fear is a terrible thing and it binds with bands almost too strong to be broken; only Christ can break them, Ondona.'

Lusati the Leader

Lusati was the child of her mother—her mother, not a Christian woman, nor one who had so much as heard of the new way, made Lusati what she came to be. She was an admired child, in that little hut where she was born. "Her father's village," says Miss Dibble, "was a group of grass or

mud huts, each hut having but one room and that the room of the man of the family.

"It is unfurnished save for a crudely carved stool or two and a sleeping mat. Nearby is the kitchen, another little grass hut. This is the domicile of the wife or mother and children. The fire is built in the middle of the floor and the smoke filters through as best it may, for there are, of course, no chimneys. There are no windows and only one low doorway. Clay pots, the handwork of the woman, are used to cook the food in. Baskets are used to serve the food in and are also the handiwork of the woman. Pots, baskets, hoes, sleeping mats, all are "parked" on the floor in the corners of the room, or anywhere space can be found. Chickens, pigs and dogs wander in and out of the houses at will. There is no attempt at order or neatness. Indeed, even a good American housewife would find it difficult to keep orderly such a kitchen with such equipment, especially if she were expected to work the fields and raise all the food for the family as the Ovimbundu woman is. The little children play in the dust outside; or if too small to be left alone while the women are in the fields, they are fastened on the backs of their mothers or older sisters, and all day long under the burning sun their little heads bob back and forth as the mother or older sister tills the soil. No wonder the rate of infant mortality is higher than anywhere else in the world!"

At a proper age, and that would be when she was a little girl, the proper person, and this would seem to have been her maternal uncle,—began to make the proper move in her regard, and that was to make a marriage for Lusati. He announced that he received an ox and a piece of cloth to bind the engagement. But Lusati's mother then and there made up her mind that she would not give her child up to that marriage. There was no one in the village with whom she could counsel—the uncle was within his rights. In time she thought there would be a way out. When she heard of the town of the people of the tribe of God she took it to be a way, and you may see the little Lusati, egged on by her mother, running away to school. Miss Dibble does not tell us how she dealt with the uncle, the ox and the piece of cloth—though deal with them she certainly must have done in honor. Years pass so quickly in stories like this—a few years pass, and Lusati is a graduate of Means Training School for Girls, where she has been a leader. More than that, she is married. It is a young man this one, graduate of Currie Institute, and the two of them are on the staff of Means school. He oversees the farm and she has the course on the care of children. She has two children of her own, and her domestic life, her care of her children, her care of her house, are the best complement to her teaching. All this in the few years since she ran away with the help of her mother. And one day

her mother came to visit her. Ah, what did she think when she came into that grand house? Not a word did that rustic person say until long after when she confessed that she had been struck with astonishment—it was beyond her dreams.

In the American Zulu Mission, of the 106 teachers who are in the employ of the Supervisor of primary school work, eighty three of them are girls from the Woman's Board schools. He tells Mrs. Cowles that they are living good and superior lives among their people. He thinks it remarkable that they maintain the integrity of their character as well as they do—thrust out as they are into heathen communities to perform this noble service for their race.

Diversified Schools

The Bulu say there are tribes and tribes and customs and customs. No one who has not read a few or more of the illuminating books about these tribes and these customs, can feel all what we mean when we say that there must be schools and schools for these tribes and tribes, and that the schools must be diversified to meet with the conditions of these customs and customs. The curriculum of no school can evade the implications involved in the past of the local customs, nor their present phases, nor the conditions into which the tribe is inevitably evolving. It is the business of the school to deal with these realities of yesterday and today

and tomorrow. That is why there can be no rigid program for the schools of Africa. That is why, though they card wool and spin blankets in one school of Rhodesia, they buy their blankets in a school of Natal. And why they eat with clean fingers out of a common pot in many schools, and eat with forks or spoons in others. That is why they sing in Portuguese in some schools, and sing in the vernacular in other schools—and touch Miss Carney when they sing in English at Lovedale—

"Hail! Thou long expected Jesus, Born to set Thy people free."

These things are as they are for very good reasons, or at least many of them are so for good reasons. And the reasons, again, are so many that we cannot hope to clear them in a book like this. But it is safe to say that the girls' school which does not envisage the woman's life in every tribal aspect, as well as in every Christain prospect, may do irredeemable violence to the tribe. The loss to the tribe of a potter, of a basket maker, of a weaver, where these and similar primitive arts are traditional in the tribe, is a break in the chain at a most critical point. But the loss of a woman who is agriculturally a provider is an injury on a major scale. A woman who is not at home in the village hut is a lost woman, and one who has not been trained to bring to bear on the community life to which she was born, the enrichments of her Christian education does not commend it.

School and Racial Treasures

It is not to be expected of a primitive people in the first confusions of transition periods that they should consciously appraise their racial treasures of language, skill, their arts so priceless and so evanescent,—their types of government—so much the cement of the race,—their root in the ground which is so much, if they did but know it, their safeguard against displacements, invasions and exploitations. It is for their friends to do this for them, until in time they shall cherish for themselves that which is to their race precious, unique, invaluable, and to the races of the world enriching.

For such weighty reasons as these it must be that the Christian schools of Africa shall cherish what comes to their care in the hand of the youth of the tribes; they are trustees of a treasure without which the tribes they seek to serve would be poor indeed. The women at the head of the schools for girls are in a position of peculiar trust, to understand the nature of which the best of training is none too good. At the Belgian Conference of 1926 much emphasis was put upon preliminary training for the outgoing missionary. The women present at that epoch-making conference presented a resolution urging that special attention be given to the training of new women missionaries,—with a view to conserve the remarkable work already achieved. And they urged that time be allowed for

the study of language, manners, customs and religion, before going to the field, as well as on furlough.

It is not only that the schools of Africa must seek by every way of sympathy and understanding not to *uproot* the youth from the tribe and its tradition. More than that must be the concern of the school—it must be its constant care to *root* the youth in all that is for the welfare of the tribe. And to these two efforts, the effort not to uproot youth and the effort to root youth, must be added a third. The missions must strain every nerve to do a larger and a more adequate educational work. None knows this better than the mission that is successful in its school work. Read the reports of your own schools in Africa and you will feel this urgence in every report. Young people coming to the door of school to be turned away. To the old village life in the shadow and monotony and oppression and decline? Not if the young one is ambitious—for there is a tide in the affairs of Africa that is bearing all her tribal sons and daughters away, if not in fact, in feeling and in custom. This girl, who is not a pupil in a girls' school, or a teacher in a girls' school, or a Christian woman in a home,—where is she? Do not think that she is surely in the village from whence she came when she was begging to go to school. It may be that she is asleep in that tin hut behind a house in Johannesburg.

"Send me a pants" writes the old chief Wembo

Nyama to his great friend Bishop Lambuth—rather, his wife writes for him. And a woman of Wembo Nyama's tribe writes to the same friend. She says, "God has given me another little son, and I beg you to pray to God for me that I may have wisdom to guide my child in the way of eternal life."

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

The Friend in Exile

Mr. Oldham asserts—Presence of white man's civilization in mines, in railways, in estates in government educates, impinges on custom, introduces changes, beneficial or the reverse.

Destiny of the African—white man involved

Problems of race contact a world problem involved

Race problems a challenge to Christian good will and intelligence

The chapter is developed as follows:

Money as an alterative in native Customs—Dress—Travel—Absence from village—Industry—Independence—Better housing.

Money crops

Labor in mines—The Rand; Conditions in mining camps; Town natives' locations.

Effect of urban life on native

Relation of modern African woman to these conditions—Those who are corrupted—those who are active in help.

Christian institutions to meet needs of urban natives. Types of women developed by these institutions.

Great Christian opportunity offered by transient population to reach men and women; to reach those in villages through those who go home.

CHAPTER V

Friends in Exile

Foreword by J. H. Oldham

THE term education is used in a wider sense than the activities of the school. The peoples of Africa are being educated today to a far greater extent outside the schools than in them. The mere presence of the white man's civilization and the new ideas that come with it are an educational force of the first magnitude. At a hundred different points it impinges on native beliefs, traditions and customs, and introduces changes beneficial or the reverse. On railways, in mines and on estates managed by Europeans, Africans are receiving education, whether good or bad, just as truly as in schools.

For the most part our attention has been engaged with the subject of the education of the people of Africa, including under that term every constructive effort making for their physical, mental, economic, social, moral and spiritual advancement. But unhappily the constructive forces are not the only forces at work in Africa. We began by recognizing that the primary interests of Europe in Africa were economic; that they were directed, that is to say, to the material products of the continent rather than to its people. Side by side with

the forces of construction there are operating forces tending toward collision and conflict. In the African continent the problem of race relations is presented in its most acute form.

The same problem of the relation between white and black with which America is familiar within her own borders is found in the Union of South Africa with this notable difference that, whereas in the United States the negro population forms one tenth of the whole, in South Africa the colored people outnumber the white in the proportion of four to one. In the continent as a whole the proportion of black to white is more like fifty to one. The problem assumes different forms in different parts of the continent. In the Union of South Africa there is a white population of a million and a half who have established their homes there and are endeavoring to build up a characteristically white civilization. The greater part of tropical Africa, on the other hand, is not suitable for permanent white settlement and the white man comes not to make his home but merely to fulfill his task as administrator or missionary or trader. In the highlands of East Africa, again, extending more or less continuously from South Africa to Egypt, white settlement appears to be possible, though the proportion of white to black must necessarily be very much smaller than it is in the Union of South Africa. The problems are different again

in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, where there is a considerable European population, mainly of the Latin races.

But notwithstanding these marked differences, it would appear to be the destiny of the continent as a whole to achieve its development through the coöperation of black and white. Neither race can turn its resources to full account without the help of the other. But if this is a true view of the future of the continent, it presents the most difficult problem in human relations with which mankind has probably ever been called upon to deal.

But the problem is not merely one of the relations between white and black, difficult beyond description as that problem is in itself. Asia is also interested in the African continent. Its peoples are already partly involved and may be expected to become more and more deeply involved. The Indian question is already a large factor in both South Africa and East Africa. Japanese banks may be found in both. With the growing industrialization of the Far East, its peoples may be expected more and more to demand a share in the raw materials provided by the tropics.

Moreover, however restricted the active participation of Asiatic peoples in the development of Africa may be, keen and enquiring eyes in Asia are being turned, and more and more will be turned, to what is happening in that continent. The prob-

lem of race relations is a world problem—perhaps the greatest world problem in this twentieth century. The peoples of Asia themselves are conscious of the pressure exerted by the superior economic and political power of western nations. They cannot be indifferent to the way in which these nations discharge their responsibilities in Africa. The prestige of the white races in the eyes of the rest of the world will be largely affected, the practical value of the religion they profess will be largely judged, by the manner in which they carry out their task in the vast continent whose destinies they have undertaken to guide.

In this great issue also is the Church of Christ not called upon to play a part?

If a solution is to be found of the great and difficult racial problems of the African continent, it will not be found by good will alone, but an effort of the mind is likewise necessary. In every racial situation, as in all industrial and economic questions, there are involved on the one hand certain human attitudes and dispositions which can be changed, and, on the other hand, a number of natural factors which cannot be altered by human volition. We cannot alter by our wishes the fertility of any particular soil, nor the climate, nor many other economic conditions and forces; nor except by processes of education which are as a rule very slow, human powers and capacities, cus-

toms and beliefs. These unalterable or only slowly modifiable conditions need to be understood if we are to become masters of the situation, and the task of understanding them not infrequently demands infinite patience and unremitting toil. The church must strive with all its might to lead men to have the mind of Christ in their dealings with their fellowmen. It must recognize that if the purpose of God is to be fulfilled there is need for a resolute and sustained intellectual effort to understand the complex forces that are operating in Africa. Unless we can gain that understanding, these powerful forces may thwart and wreck our best efforts to promote good will. And it is only in an atmosphere of good will that our educational and missionary efforts can hope for the highest success.

Valley of a Thousand Hills, Natal

CHAPTER V

Mrs. Frederick B. Bridgman and
Jean K. Mackenzie

Money in Kamben!
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben!
Money!
We want to work
That we may go home! *

MONEY. The people of one upcountry village selling of their own raising, ten thousand dollars worth of oil seeds in one month to two trading firms. And that but one item of the wealth that is pouring into Nigeria. The people of Uganda raising and selling in one recent year nearly six million dollars worth of cotton, and cotton is but one of their exports. And in the Southern Cameroun, where the writer remembers the dubious air with which a man or woman would scan his first piece of copper money, listen to a chief saying to one who asks: "Is that a white man coming up the path?" "Ah, father, in these days when four men have cocoa in their sacks to the value of a woman, who can tell, when a man is that length of path from him, whether he be black or white?"

*Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent p. 33, Natalie Curtis.

Listen to an old chief talking to Mrs. Schwab, saying:

"When I was young we married girls from farther interior only. When the girl came to us thus she was obedient to us because she came from the bush. She was easily shamed and she was humble. The thing that brought boldness and disobedience is the young girl from the west (direction of the coast). From them the girls from the bush have learned bad habits. The country has become disturbed and confused. If you marry a girl from the west hunt for her clothes like white women wear, make a mattress and pillow for her bed. Go find a small boy to cook for her. Her food must be chickens and fish and meat. You must adorn your house with chairs and table. Place her food upon the table. After you have prepared the table for her send for water for her bath, and ointment. Then let the servant awaken her calling, 'A Nyango, white woman, I have prepared all for you.'"

Listen to the rolling down the roads of the Chief Nealrop's two one-ton trucks—carrying his produce to the market town. And listen to the brass band he has got himself—it has twenty-five pieces. And when Njock, to escape conscription for work, had been gone away a year and was now to return who was it gave him a great feast—of goats meat and dried monkeys and wild hog meat, enough and to spare, for friend and neighbor? None other than

his wife, with the produce of her own garden that she had tilled herself with her four children.

Money coming up out of the ground and falling like fruit from the trees. You must have a pocket to put it in, and a trousers to the pocket, and why if you have money, should you not be dressed like a moneyed man, and your wife, why should she too not be buying a hat and a pair of shoes from a Paris catalogue, and why, if your daughter is a daughter of a family so high class, should you not hold her for the highest bidder? And why should your daughter, coming of a family that has gone so far and in so short a time, not go farther—and run away with a ne'er-do-well—and why then wail? All is slippery underfoot in this new life, with money in flood about you.

There are people of the tribe of God who complain that their children read the overseas catalogue more than they do their Bibles—and there we are to blame, who are not ready for this race that has here and there become literate over night, and for whom we are only now making ready with books. Miss Carney saw a girl six hundred miles inland wearing high-heeled shoes—she had the money and she had an over-seas catalogue—if she had asked for a book, other than the Bible, in her own tongue the best that could have been given her would have been a promise—"Wait a bit—there is a recommendation from the Belgian conference that there be a book

especially for you—especially prepared for women —about the things of women, and it is to be in your own tongue!" But today, if she were wishing to spend her money for books she must buy them in an alien tongue full of strange things, not all of them so innocuous as a high-heeled shoe.

Money and Agriculture

Not all money comes from the ground that you own yourself, or the tree of your own planting: you are at work for a planter or a farmer, you till his ground. Some of it comes by way of a trade: you are a carpenter, a tailor, a clerk in an office, a telegraph operator— It may be that your work takes you far from home. You go away for a while, coming home with money. The money you bring plays a large part in the village when you return, but so did your long absence play a large part in the life of the village where you are a male member of a social group. So, it must be plainly said, does sometimes the disease you have brought back from your wanderings play a large part in the village on your return. And so does your easy thought of distance, absence, the family tie, the community tie—and your reliance, subtle and alterative, on this new thing of money. M. Louis Franck, ex-minister of the Belgian Colonies, spoke with great understanding of the railway as a great escape from oppression—if a man is ill-treated in a

neighborhood he escapes now so easily, who in times past could escape no faster than his legs would carry him. And that is obviously so. Obvious too that a piece of money, round as a wheel, is a means of escape after its kind.

It squares you with the government. Head tax, hut tax, you just pull out your money and pay them. Not for you the long month or months of labour that are in primitive parts of Africa the equivalent in labor of the tax. And once you get the hang of it, nothing else will do. It is suddenly in your hand the very key to the door of the life of your changing world. A primitive man or woman, acting upon a perception that the difficulties of life are to be solved by money, is a figure of change on a grand scale—passing in that moment from age to age. Little does he know what he has left behind, nor will he truly know until it is a legend.

Money and Labor

*Dr. Bridgman gave as a figure for the workers on the Rand, three hundred thousand. Of these, he said that about one hundred and eighty are in the mines. The other group are town Natives, and are wage earners in the eight towns that are scattered along the Reef and form greater Johannesburg. The mine workers are the pick of the coun-

*Social Conditions in Johannesburg by F. B. Bridgman, D.D., *International Review of Missions*, July, 1926.

try south of the Zambesi. They are young and strong, having passed rigid physical examination. From the tribes and tribes and the customs and customs of Bantu Africa—from the little cabins under the leaf thatch and the ministrations of the attentive women of their own villages, from a life in the open and of traditional occupations among familiar scenes, they have come to this—a cubby-hole in one of the buildings in the quadrangle of one of the compounds attached to one of the forty mines on the Reef. Twenty to sixty men in a room, laid away in two tiers of bunks. Dr. Bridgman told about these things before he died.

"One or two dingy electric globes yield feeble light at night. The walls and cubicles are white-washed periodically, while the blankets and clothing are treated in a disinfecting chamber. Shower baths, washing tables and soap are freely provided and well patronized. But in spite of the commendable efforts of the management the ordinary compound room is a sight to behold—a marvellous variety of benches, arm-chairs, and tables improvised from packing-cases, the first attempts of 'raw boys' to use hammer and nails; the bunks disordered by blankets and clothes; the floor strewn with boots, kit boxes and food; while the swarthy jovial 'boys' loll about or squat around the fireplace broiling meat or roasting potatoes."

The mine workers are well fed and have medical

care, in that compound with the guarded door. Fewer die either from disease or from accident than formerly—deaths from accidents have been reduced to 2/25 per 1000, those from disease to 12 per 1000—or such were the figures when their great friend Dr. Bridgman died. The average cash wage for the Native mine worker is about three pounds a month. The industrial grievances of the Native workers are increased by the Colour Bar which determines the rate of pay not by efficiency but by distinction of race—black and white working side by side.

Attached to some compounds there are "married quarters," but they are suspect—those women established there are, few indeed of them, the wives of the miners. Would you look for vice in those great groups of caged men? It is there. More than in any village of the forest or the Veldt —it is there. And nailed to a compound door Dr. Bridgman once came upon this saying in three languages: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The Christian boys in that strange place had put it there.

The Movies in the Mines

For pleasures—what pleasures have these working men? Cast about for their pleasures—the report of the Phelps Stokes Commission says that "the most serious defect in all the compound is the serious lack of provision for the proper use of recre-

ation time," yet the mine owners spend 20,000 pounds a year and coöperate with the Missions to that end. And in reading Miss Carney's account of her visit to the Rand I find her in company with the Bioscope Man. He is a young American of the Congregational Board, and took Miss Carney seventy miles up and down the Rand delivering motion picture films to the various mines. And they have besides, Miss Carney tells us, the native dances and the Sunday night revelries for which the compounds are famous.

Certain sentences from Sara Millin's book, "The South Africans" stick in the mind. Mrs. Millin is writing as a South African, interested in all the groups so oddly assorted in her native land. Of the South African primitive man she says: "The white man has broken him, and the white man must mend him." Of the Kaffir at the digging she says: "They are in general law-abiding and honest." Of the mine workers at the end of their contract she says: "A strong purgative is administered before they leave their compound." But one wonders, reading this latter saying—what could be strong enough to rid their bosoms of such perilous stuff!

"The white man has broken him," says Mrs. Millin, and Deaville Walker says: "Under our so-called civilization the Zulu have slowly deteriorated."

The group called Town Natives are all those not

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Yes, Bananas!

employed in mines. These live either on the premises of the employer or in a location. A location is an area outside the town of which it is a municipal part. Of the South African locations, Father Victor says: "The plain fact of the matter is in this connection that almost everything is wrong and almost everything remains to be done. Native locations, even in our chief towns, are a disgrace and seem to grow more disgraceful every year with their squalor, untidiness and acres of wretched, tumble-down shanties. Often enough they are hotbeds of vice and disease and schools of crime.—Here are the people, stamped with the image of God, yet degraded often enough in a way that was never the case in their old tribal state."

It would be a strange thing to believe, if we did not know ourselves to be so ignorant of so many remedial circumstances of our own city life, that the household servants of the South African cities are so wretchedly housed. In a tin hut in the back yard, or a lodging in the slum areas where "Filth, abject poverty and misery exist, side by side with the mingling of white and colored races, one must expect crime and immorality." Into such a school as this does run-away youth fling itself by the thousands.

Mrs. Bridgman Writes

Mrs. Bridgman, writing of these tragic things out of a full knowledge of them, says:

"Since the beginning of the Twentieth Century, significant economic changes have taken place among the Bantu peoples south of the Zambezi.

For centuries the stalwart African has been content with the excitement of war and the chase; or to bask lazily at the door of his hut, while his wives toiled ceaselessly in the gardens and fetched wood and water on their heads.

But the coming of civilization, the growth of city-centers has changed all this. The white man's taxes—hut tax, head tax, dog tax,—school fees and clothes for the children, the adjustment to life in a civilized and Christian Community, all have brought an increasing pressure to bear upon this primitive, pastoral people. They are flocking to the towns to meet these new conditions. Another factor has entered into this trend of the natives to the cities. The Kimberley diamond fields, the discovery of the gold 'reef' in Johannesburg, and later of copper and chrome-ore in Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo has wrought a tremendous change in the life of the natives south of the Equator.

Although there was fabulous wealth hidden in the Rhodesian ore and in the gold-bearing rock of the Witwatersrand (the 'Ridge of the White Water' as the Johannesburg Reef is called) still the ore averaged so low a grade that mining could prove profitable only through cheap and abundant

labor. Thus tens of thousands of unsophisticated blacks have been thrust into an utterly strange and perilous environment.

New Outlook

Through intimate association with the lowest class of whites, not to mention Asiatics, these men soon form a new outlook which scouts at tradition and scorns parental or tribal authority. As the majority of these workers come for only a few months or a year and then return to their homes, one cannot measure their influence for good or evil upon the Hinterland. Too often it is the diseases, the appetites, the sins of the white man which they bear away home. Scarcely a kraal or a village south of the Zambezi river but is touched by these currents of city life.

Look at Johannesburg! A thousand miles north of Cape Town, 6000 feet above the sea—where forty years ago vast herds of antelope roamed the high plateaux, today stands the largest city in Africa—excepting old Cairo,—supplying 60% of the world's gold. In the heart of the Reef rises this busy, modern city, which with the eight adjoining towns may be called Greater Johannesburg, with a total population of over half a million, about equally divided between white and black. From the center of the city stretch the mines, thirty miles to the East and thirty miles to the West.

Huge black chimneys belch blacker smoke, mighty 'Stamps' grind out the ore night and day, every day in the year save Christmas—a striking testimony to the power of the Christ even in Darkest Africa. Then there are the 'dumps,' the pulverized dust of the crushed quartz rising truncated or cone-shaped year by year. They are scattered along the sixty miles of Reef like snow mountains glistening in the sun or weird and ghostly under a wan moon. The mines employ an average of 180,000 black men. Physically they represent the picked manhood of the various tribes of the subcontinent between the ages of eighteen and thirty. Another 100,000 native men are employed in the municipalities, in offices, factories, stores, kitchens and gardens.

The African has been called the Essential Kaffir and truly without his faithful efficient service, mines and cities in South Africa would soon cease their activities.

Women in Industry

Into this modern picture of industrial and commercial life has stepped the African woman. In increasing numbers she is taking a place beside her man as co-wage-earner in the struggle for existence under changed economic conditions. These women work as cooks and housemaids, laundresses, nurse maids, factory hands and alas, far too many

make an easy living through the brewing and sale of illicit liquor.

So we find a *new woman* in Africa today, the product of civilization and education combined with the influences of town life.

Not only is she to be found in the field of industry, but socially times have changed. A generation ago there were practically no native women and girls in the towns. They knew no other lot but to patiently toil all day in the hot sun serving their men-folk. Today if a young man marries an educated girl, or one who has lived and worked in town she is unwilling to go back into the fields with her old mother-in-law. She prefers city life, but if the home is to be in the country, her husband must plow the fields or hire it done for her. A native woman used to wait until her husband and sons had finished their food and then sat down to the cold remnants. Today she often sits with them at table. She used to walk at a respectful distance behind her man; now she walks beside him or if he is courting her, sometimes he carries her bundles. She rides on the handle-bars of his bicycle and on the streets of Johannesburg it is not uncommon to see a black motorist tearing along on a motorcycle, dusky sweetheart on the pillion, one arm around his waist, motor-veil streaming in the breeze, and feet encased in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes.

Verily the new woman has arrived in Africa and she presents many complications in the social order.

There are some 40,000 native women and girls in Greater Johannesburg. Thousands of these are young girls lured by a dream of higher wages and the excitement and pleasures of city life. It is impossible to overestimate the dangers lurking on every side for these young, irresponsible girls, many under sixteen and perhaps the majority away from home without the consent of their parents. All-night concerts and tea-meetings, the dance hall and evil movies, cater to the desire for social expression. White men as well as black men lie in wait to tempt ignorant unwary feet. Many of the European mistresses care not a whit what becomes of their servant girls after work hours. Their sleeping quarters are usually tiny corrugated iron rooms in the back yard, hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter. Is it strange that these girls are driven out on the streets for diversion and that many fall an easy prey to temptation?

To provide a safe home for girls in service and to meet the need for recreation and uplift, Hostels and Homes have been established in various cities. In Cape Town the Marion Institute is carried on by the English Church. One finds it in the heart of the colored district. Hot lunch for factory girls, evening classes in cookery and needlework and religious meetings make this a busy, helpful center.

The Young Women's Christian Association has a little hostel and tearoom patronized by both native and colored girls. The Stakesby Lewis Homes for men and for women provide safe and decent quarters for a considerable number. Sister Nanine, a native Deaconess under the Dutch Reformed Church, has given her life to the rescue of fallen girls in Cape Town. Many a thrilling tale she can tell of snatching victims from dens of vice in the dark places of the city.

Durban boasts a new Municipal Hostel for native women, one of the show-places of that beautiful seaport. A fine double-story building houses some two hundred in clean, hygienic surroundings. Laundresses spend the week in town, going home to the Mission Stations for over Sunday. Teachers pass to and fro during the holidays. Mothers come to visit their sons. All find a happy resting place here.

In Pietermaritzburg a smaller Municipal Hostel serves the needs of its native girls."

Problems of Contact

These are those uprooted plants of which Mr. Oldham has spoken; you remember he said that the African must be given the new knowledge if he is to find his place in the world where he has to live—and if he is "to deal successfully with the situation created by his contact with Europeans."

Those readers whose interest extends to questions of land, labour, industry, and their relation to "the situation created by his contact with Europeans," will do well to read "The Christian Mission in Africa" which is the report of the Conference held at Le Zoute in Belgium in the Autumn of 1926. "Conscience," says the reporter of that conference, "is a disturbing monitor. It asks many questions. It prompts us to inquire whether our dealings with the African could be justified at the bar of God's judgment." Those many questions are dealt with in that book impartially and by experts. But it will need no expert to know that there is work to be done here by the people of the tribe of God, both black and white. Here more than in the most obscure haunt of the cannibal, or the medicine man. It is in the situation created by his contact with the European that the African meets those modern dangers that are "displacing the occult fears to which the primitive African was born." In his book "The New Africa," Donald Fraser deals with these questions in his chapter on Problems of Contact. John H. Harris has a book on these questions—it is called *Africa Slave or Free?* Edwin Smith says, "To Christian men and women who regard human beings as more valuable in themselves than anything they produce, questions as to land and labour appeal particularly; and they ought not to rest content till they receive sat-

The Road Makers

isfactory answers." And these, when they think of the injustices which shock their attention, will have the justice to remember—what will temper their judgment—that there are shadows, past and present, on the dealings of the white and the African peoples of our own country.

John Harris reminds us that "there are as many grades in South African social life as one finds in Europe and America; there is the degraded servile class, there are intellectuals and aristocrats, and between these three strata there are dozens of intermediate grades." Not a grade of these Africans but would shrink in horror from some or other of the things that are to be encountered in the urban and industrial areas of South Africa. Listen to one aristocrat—he is a chief, talking to the Natal Commissioner:

"What are these white things the girls are bringing home on their backs in such numbers? What did the Government mean by allowing their girls to bear so many white children?"

Samaritan Women

"Do not think the decent Zulu and other tribes of South Africa are heedless of the drunken women prostrate in the roads about the Rand. The Christian women go about the cities preaching and praying, quite fearless," says Mrs. Bridgman, "in their attacks on drink and immorality.

"Union meetings of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in city centres presents a picturesque sight. Each denomination has its woman's Association, with constitution, uniform and annual meeting, and it is fine to see the scarlet blouses of the Wesleyans mingle with black and white uniforms of the Presbyterians or the pink ribbons of the Congregational women, while massive leopard-skin turbans adorn the heads of the Methodist Episcopal Church South (under the jurisdiction of the American Colored Churches in the South). And the voices of such a congregation! These large stately women take all the parts with ease, so that the men-folks are never missed. Deep and vibrant the harmony rolls along and one marvels anew at the religious fervour in the hearts of these people. All honor to the Christian women of Africa, the thousands of earnest hardworking women, who in the midst of many temptations and often in the cities against fearful odds are striving to hold their children to ideals of purity, temperance and righteousness!"

The Civic Hostel in Pretoria, opened three years ago, is doing fine work under a Christian Matron for its sixty girls. Here too, another hostel has been carried on by the English Church since 1912.

The first home for native girls in Johannesburg had its beginning twenty years ago in one tiny room on the edge of a large slum area. This hostel

is a child of the Anglican Church and has been growing steadily. It is to be enlarged again on a new plan which includes an adequate recreation room. Forty girls can then be accommodated.

The Helping Hand Club for girls is eight years old and has a thrilling history. A band of earnest women representing many denominations decided to start a recreation room for native servant girls. For three years they quietly solicited money for this unpopular cause from mining houses, business firms and individuals, until $1000 was in the bank. Then one day a desirable property suddenly turned up exactly where these women had been searching fruitlessly for a recreation room. In the midst of a populous suburb, discreetly surrounded by a high hedge, was this cottage for a matron, a small adjoining club-room and six outside rooms with tiny kitchen and bathroom. But the property cost $5000 and the Committee had in hand only $1000, out of which must come matron's salary, running expenses and equipment of premises. Nothing daunted these courageous women of faith put down $500 and bought the place through a Building society, promising to give $50 a year until the balance was paid.

A "shower" practically furnished the rooms, a splendid Matron was secured and a beginning made with five girls. Opposition from Europeans and suspicion on the part of the Natives made a diffi-

cult combination. The neighbour over the hedge circulated a petition against this "awful Kaffir slum." The Rate Payers Association held stormy meetings of protest. But quietly and patiently the work went on and in a surprisingly short time opposition died away. Nearly every one of the hundred women who signed that petition has had a girl from the Helping Hand at one time or another. The Matron cannot begin to fill the call for girls and despite repeated enlargement the place is totally inadequate. Rummage sales, bazaars, "silver trees" and subscription lists long ago cleared off the debt. In quick succession have been built a large kitchen, club-room and dormitory. Some $12,000 have been raised during the past eight years in Johannesburg. Over fifty girls are accommodated, representing various denominations and four or five different tribes. More than a thousand girls have passed through the Club and over seven hundred have been placed in situations. Trains are met and girls are helped in many ways. Evening classes in English, cookery, dressmaking and music are popular while all the girls attend prayers every evening and the weekly evangelistic service. Games are enjoyed and once a fortnight a cinema is provided. No girl can be long under the loving influences of this place without catching a vision of the power of Christ to save from the terrible temptations of city life.

For the boys and girls in the native schools and Sunday schools, there have recently been inaugurated movements in Scout lines, Pathfinders among the boys, and Wayfarers for the girls. Enthusiasm runs high and splendid progress is being made. Many hundreds are enrolled throughout South Africa, the Transvaal leading in numbers and efficiency. Recently, when the revered Chief Scout, Sir Baden Powell, visited Johannesburg, there was a grand review of Pathfinders, while Lady Baden Powell was delighted with the precision and grace of the Wayfarers' manoeuvre.

Organised recreation for the native school children is a new and interesting development carried on by the American Board Mission in Johannesburg. Competitions have added zest to inter-school sports and gradually ideals of sportsmanship and fair play are being inculcated as well as better physique. Otherwise idle hours are happily filled for these children of the slums.

A Memorial Hospital

A Memorial Hospital is about to be built in Johannesburg which will serve women and children especially. The Government Native Hospital is overflowing and provides no room for expectant mothers. No Mission Hospital exists within hundreds of miles. Under an enthusiastic interdenominational committee the opportunities for this Med-

ical work are unlimited. Hundreds of American friends are sharing in this project.

In close association with this Hospital, a scheme is on foot for Native Health and Welfare work in Johannesburg and its adjoining locations. In the fourteen native locations there lives not a missionary, a doctor or white nurse. In three districts Medical Clinics have been started and in connection with these Baby-welfare and Pre-natal Clinics. Classes for mothers and day-nurseries for babies and small children left without supervision by working parents will be instituted as funds and helpers are found. Graduate native nurses under close supervision will be employed for the district nursing and special emphasis will be placed on instruction in sanitation, hygiene and prevention of disease.

Unhygienic conditions in the slums and locations due to ignorance, overcrowding and abject poverty, together with appalling mortality, (682 out of 1000 native infants under one year die as compared with 78 out of a thousand white babies) all challenge further development in this field.

There is an increasing number of girls entering the profession of nursing. Lovedale Training School for Nurses near East London and Dr. McCord's School in Durban have been the pioneers, but there is a growing conviction that Native women and girls should be trained for nursing their

own people. There are some fifty native nurses in training in the hospitals in Johannesburg and along the Reef. The Transvaal Government does not yet allow these girls to take the same examinations as the European nurses, but in Cape Colony and Natal the Examinations are open to all races and the native nurses rank well in the Government Examinations.

"Today schools are overflowing throughout South Africa, girls as well as boys eager for an education. Parents sacrifice that their children may have the training they themselves lack. Normal Schools are turning out a veritable army of teachers every year. There are now many hundreds of girls teaching throughout the Union of South Africa. Efficient, self-reliant young women they are, wielding an enormous influence over the children. Scattered up and down the Mission Stations and in town centers, these teachers have become a real factor in modern native life and are destined to be the future leaders of African womanhood. More and more the young native women are showing themselves worthy partners for the educated native men who throng the cities."

African Mothers

And so you see, back again at the school door. And before that door, a Christian mother or father or both, the tuition fee in hand. None who truly

know the African mother can say that she is not solicitous for the welfare of her child. Of themselves the Zulu mothers of the American Board mission came to have a motherhood organization and the leaders and officers of this organization as well as the members are graduates of mission schools. And back again too, to a Bridgman, for I quote from Amy Bridgman Cowles, who tells of the Motherhood conference held at Groutville Mission Station. There were at least three hundred Zulu women there.

*"It was really wonderful to me to see these Zulu women presiding, appointing committees, voting, taking notes, etc. Every session was conducted by them in an orderly and dignified manner. There were many addresses by natives—I talked for an hour and then the women fired questions at me for two hours! If ever my brain capacity was taxed it was in that church, standing before that company of yearning Zulu mothers. There were many addresses by natives, but the meetings consisted largely of long and agonized praying for homes and children. Sunday was the day of climax. Five hundred people packed that historic old Groutville church. Every seat was full and at the rear some heathen women were sitting on the floor. With the exception of these few, all the people were dressed—in all that number I did

*Making the Homemakers of Africa, Amy Bridgman Cowles.

not see one dirty dress and with a possible half dozen exceptions, there was no extreme dressing either. Three fourths of them were women—a direct product of American women's work for Zulus.

"Mrs. Ngcobo was one of the finest looking women at the Conference—a Woman's Board girl of the second generation. Mr. Ngcobo's mother was there, also. Such a dear old soul in her white sunbonnet! Her family is so remarkable as to be generally commented upon by the natives. And she learned how to do it from Mrs. Edwards. A white man once remarked of this African woman's youngest son, that he was the most upright, honorable man he knew, either black or white.

"Here, as in America, it is the homes that must save the nation. Our Woman's Board schools are training wives and mothers. As a result, a nation of Christian Zulus is being slowly evolved. All over this land there now are little homes, more or less pretentious, where Inanda and Umzumbe girls are holding up Christian ideals, where what they learned at school is being taught to their children—homes where children are sent to school, scrubbed up and mended, homes where soap is used. Family prayers are held every day in these Christian homes. Before each meal is eaten all the little woolly heads are bowed in prayer. No morsels of pumpkin or potato or taro may be slipped into hungry mouths until the blessing has been asked."

Mr. and Mrs. Max Yergan spoke to me of these things. Three hundred women, many of them from a long distance met with Mrs. Yergan in King Williams Town. Christian women wishing to talk about the welfare of their children, desiring better health conditions for their babies, asking questions about how to feed them, how to screen their houses —eager to carry out a program but without knowing what to do or how to do it. Max Yergan said that they see their own girls needing help, they want something better than they have, and they turn to those whose good will has been demonstrated—they turn to the missionary.

The Rand and the Christian

It is obvious that the Rand is one of the supreme Christian opportunities. It is a cross-ways of the world. There as everywhere in awakened Africa there is a passion for learning, for betterment, for life more abundant. To that strange wild place you have been brought by your membership in a Christian church—your thank offering—your implicit relation to the babies that die in the tin huts of the Kaffirs beside the diggings on the River Vaal—the babies that live in the ignoble slums of the cities. You have not drifted into these places —you have been drawn here by your kinship with these your brethren in an emergent hour, when you have your part to play. Mrs. Millin says, so sadly,

that the white man has broken the African, and the white man must mend him. But we will look to the Lord Jesus to mend him. And perhaps after all he is not broken. Perhaps he has come to the market place to stand and wait until his Master shall give him work to do. In Inhambane there are a large number of groups of Christians who have established themselves in villages. Nearly every one of these villages has been started by a man who was converted on the Rand in Johannesburg. *"Since his first upward yearnings came through services conducted by a missionary he builds a tiny church in his new village and calls his people to morning and evening prayers. Each morning before he and his people go to work in the gardens, they linger after prayers to learn their letters with the books the mission has sent them. But they have no missionary, for teacher they have at best a boy who has learned to read and count in a mine compound. But this little, crude as it is, is an upward pull," says Dr. Riggs, "towards Christianity and civilization." It is a treasure to count over until better times have come. Money—who told you that? It was not money only that was brought home from the Rand to the people of Inhambane.

*What of the Bantus—28, E. W. Riggs

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

Henceforth Friends

Mr. Oldham asserts—African tribal traditions, loyalties, discipline are breaking down.

African left without tribal restraints; religious beliefs.

Religion alone adequate to meet his need

This is the Christian's opportunity

The chapter is developed as follows:

It is hoped of the Christian by Statesmen, Medical men, The African, and by Christ that the disillusioned African shall be pointed to Christ

The African response to Christian religion—
In quantity—In urgency—In quality

Favorable elements in pioneer effort—
Pioneer Christian type admirable
Types of pioneer Christians

Christian religion satisfies the African's solicitude for family welfare; tribal welfare.
The feast of the African Church
The gifts of the African Church
The leaders of the African Church
Leaders—trained, untrained.

Our great duties toward this race capable of producing leaders—
To train leaders; To acclaim them.

This service to Africa of training, appreciating , acclaiming her leaders one acceptable negation of the curse of race prejudice.

CHAPTER VI.

Friends Henceforth

Foreword by J. H. Oldham

IF we think long enough and deeply enough about the education of Africa—of the development and destiny of the human inhabitants of the continent, who in the eyes of God are its chief value—we find ourselves brought in the end face to face with the ultimate problem of human motive. We have seen how the old moral supports on which the African relied are breaking down under the changes which western civilization brings with it. Tribal tradition, tribal loyalties, tribal discipline are losing their hold. The restraints of ancestral custom and belief are being weakened. The grave danger in Africa is that the individual cut adrift from these old moorings should be left without compass and without rudder to drift helplessly amid the rushing currents and dangerous whirlpools of strange seas. Unless some means can be found by which the old restraint of custom can be replaced by a new and higher constraint of conscience, only disaster can result.

Is there any other power than that of religion adequate to meet such a situation? That help can be found only in religion is the conviction not only

of missionaries as they watch the disintegrating and destructive forces that are at work but also of many experienced administrators who recognize that they have to do with forces with which the resources at their disposal are not adequate to cope. Governments in Africa are more than ready to welcome all the help that the Christian Church can give in providing a kind of education rooted in religious faith that government itself cannot, or can only with great difficulty, supply.

In the memorandum laying down the principles of educational policy in British tropical Africa, it is declared that the Government welcomes and will encourage all voluntary educational effort, that coöperation between Government and other educational agencies should be promoted in every way, that "the greatest importance must be attached to religious teaching and moral instruction" and that these "both in school and in training colleges should be accorded an equal standing with secular subjects."

Similarly we read in the Report of the Permanent Committee of the Belgian Colonial National Congress on Education in the Congo (1922) that "men of affairs, whatever school of philosophy they belong to, may be said to be unanimous in their recognition that we shall not succeed in the moral transformation of the negro except by giving him solid religious convictions."

How great and rich the opportunity for the Christian Church to give to the people of the continent help that it alone has the power to give! And how great will be the reward which the church may reap in return for such a service in the deepened understanding of tasks nearer home, of the true significance of education, and of the Divine meaning of human life, which must result from an effort to carry out God's purpose for the peoples of Africa who in our own time have been brought into our world.

CHAPTER VI

Jean K. Mackenzie

In all this busyness of the redding up of Africa, in which science, missions, government and philanthropy have their part, in all this education of Africa which is becoming more and more a co-operative effort, with mission schools and Government schools and Jeanes fund schools and a long and a strong pull together—with all this concern for the whole man which is the zeal of the modern effort for Africa—there is one thing that is expected of the Christian mission, as sole and only agent. That is the Christian appeal to the deeply religious African. If we cannot do that work well and with expedition, we must know ourselves the least profitable of servants. Here we have the best material in the world and the best chance in the world and of us, by the world in this matter, there is more than an expectation—there is an urgent demand.

I could prove, if I would, how much it is an expectation of us by the world, that the Christian Mission shall hasten to "point the disillusioned African to Christ" but I am going to suppose that we as Christians are aware in this great opportunity that we serve our Lord. And to do this best it is well that we know how great the opportunity is.

It is expected of us by statesmen, you note that

1. Mission Movies in a Mine Compound. A Section of an Audience of 3000
2. Helping Hand House for Native Girls, Johannesburg

Mr. Oldham has said so. And this is in itself a great opportunity.

It is hoped of us by the medical men of the world, none knowing better than they how great a sanitary measure is the Christianizing of a community.

Great Expectations

And it is expected of us by the African. Not the Moslem African,—it cannot be said that he expects to succumb to the assaults of Christianity. Rather he expects and he endeavors to capture Pagan Africa. Dr. Zwemer speaks the experience of every African missionary when he says: "Islam and Christianity are engaged in an acute struggle for the remaining Pagan tribes. The Moslem advance in Africa in the past two decades has been extensive, constant and rapid." But it is not for Mohammed that Pagan Africa is waiting. She waits for her Shepherd whose voice she knows when she hears it. "But if you mean to leave us to remain in darkness, please let us know; for we do not think it right to seek elsewhere until we hear the same from you, that you have already given us up." This is quoted from a letter sent to the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Mission to Liberia more than twenty years ago by the chief of the Cavalla tribes, and it is the expression of the expectation of Pagan Africa wherever the name of Christ has been carried among primitive tribes.

And that other, the disillusioned African, he who has survived the war, the labour difficulties of his contact with white men, the land difficulties, the social difficulties, even he has expectations of us. Mr. Max Yergan said to me that the students of South Africa are embittered but responsive to a simple religious appeal. They remember, he said, that their people have been helped by the consecrated missionary, and thousands of them know that they are educated men and women because the missions were established by these. The church, he said, had put its stamp upon them for three generations. For it is the past history of African missions, and the men and women who knew how to serve their generation in Africa, that is the basis of this expectation.

And all these expectations of so many sorts and to so many ends, what are they to the heart of the Christian Church but so many voices saying, "He calleth thee"?

Africa the Dreamer

Well I remember in a night between two crowded days on an African station where the missionaries were only two that one of them was called urgently to attend a woman. Rushing to her with his lantern hanging at his knee he thought he was the doctor—which was one of his many parts. But no, she had had a dream and had called him to

interpret it. And there is a call from Africa that is not to the doctor and not to the school teacher except as they can interpret to the soul of Africa her deep dream of God and His part in her world. "I dreamed," she says, "and in my dream there was a Supreme Being on whom I might lean and never fall." For this is one of the sayings, according to Captain Rattray, of the Ashanti about God.*

God help us all to understand and to interpret aright, not to obscure or diminish in the interpreting, the mighty dream of the African soul.

It may be said of Primitive Africa and her expectation of us, that we have come to have a major expectation of our own, and that is that she will be responsive. This expectation is based on experience.

It is estimated that the number of Africans to whom the gospel is preached today is at least one thousand per cent what it was ten years ago. The increase in the missionary force in that time is sixty-five per cent. These present years are years of stock taking; the great Church of Uganda is celebrating its Jubilee this year, counting over its 2400 churches, its 16,500 baptized Christians, its 43,000 communicants, (taking further account that the Roman Catholic Church has as many in Uganda)—its 70 African clergy, its 5000 African lay workers—its 17,600 boys and girls in schools, its

*The Ashanti, Capt. Rattray p. 148. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

600 men and its 250 women teachers—its hospitals, with European doctors, its 50 African medical assistants and its growing number of African midwives.

The Treasure of Faith

What a treasure to bring to our Lord on Christmas day of 1927. Within a year the federated missions of the Congo, most of them from Canadian Boards and the United States, will be celebrating their Jubilee, when we shall be reading the count of the People of the Tribe of God in the Congo. M. Daniel Couve who saw with his own eyes, on his recent tour of the French Protestant Missions in Africa, an old man who remembers Livingstone, saw on that same journey no less than 136,000 Christians. And whenever you stop a missionary to talk to him on the path, or pick up a book of his, hoping perhaps to hear or to read about the animal life of the African regions from which he comes, he wants to tell you these things. The people of one church walk 2500 miles, all told, to attend a service, says a missionary from Angola. The whole of the Sona Bata field seems to be in the midst of a great spiritual awakening, says one from the Congo. And adds—the revival helped to make the people feel their need of education.

From Luanza Mission in the Belgian Congo there comes to my hand an impassioned letter from

George Tilsley, to say that "a charming old gentleman whom I learn to be Muhanga chief of the va-Banze" has been converted in a hospital in Luanza, and has gone back to his unevangelized people with this last word: "Remember, O my father, O my father, that as yet I know little of the Words. Do not delay to come quickly to my town to lead us into the full Light. If you cannot come yourself then send others that we may come to know the whole Truth."

Mr. Tucker in Angola on a Sunday afternoon has a visitor, an old man who has come far to say that the people of his neighborhood are ready for the Gospel. They want a teacher. Mr. Tucker is assailed by the customary pangs—so many people are ready for the Gospel and therefor wanting teachers, and there is not at once a teacher available. He tries to tell him that the mission force has been unable to train teachers fast enough to take care of all the neighborhoods, but he shall have his teacher when there is one. "Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" he asks the old man who says: "Yes, we are all Christian now in our country. Yes, one night Nala Kole (Currie) slept in our village and he preached to us and made us all people of Jesus." "But do you not consult spirits and do other things which ruin people?" "Yes indeed we do" came the immediate reply. "We are all your children walking in darkness."

There are missions which have hundreds of outposts—the Presbyterians in Southern Cameroun have eight hundred and sixty-nine—and a teacher in each of these outposts, yet such missions are constantly assailed by young and old, as Mr. Tucker was on that Sunday afternoon, by their own children who are walking in darkness. "Send us a teacher,"— this is the cry, says Mrs. Ennis, of every region where evangelism has not been followed up by adequate instructions.

Primitive Christian

There is nothing in the world more moving than this touching, innocent abandoned response of the primitive African to the spirit of Jesus. Whatever gifts the African is bringing with him in his approach to the family of the nations, and he is bringing many, we have only begun to appraise them as yet—this susceptibility to spiritual values is the best. The African Church will build on this best, but there is something infinitely precious to be lost. Remember that you can get another ivory, another ebony, another diamond, but you will never get another primitive African for Christ. Those regions where the Things of God have been established before the things of foreign industry, the things of commerce, the things of Islam, all rigid inflexible things and foreign to the primitive spirit—those regions have shown a

genuis for the things of the Spirit which has been the envy of those who have witnessed it. Miss Gollock speaking wisely of the Church in primitive Masasi says: "The Gospel has got a start—there is time for the exercise of its prophylactic power. For be it soon or late 'the world' will come to Masasi and press its influence upon the Church."

Never, never pity the men or women whose mission has cast their lot in the pioneer or primitive phases. Envy them who see our Lord at work on the primitive heart—busy like a divine blacksmith, with the breath of His Spirit and the fire of His Spirit making out of that heart a tool for His own hand. Be sure that those who witness these things dread that time, soon or late, when the things of confusion, the alien things, have come to press their influence.

That climate which hangs about the Tribe of the people of God in primitive places is for the soul a kind of native air—it is like a summer that you might wish would last forever—there are missionaries who expect that it will last forever, and the Church at home perhaps, takes her time in that expectation. But it does not last forever, the wisest missionaries know that. They know that they are calling upon the servants of God in the early morning of a day that is making to a blazing noon. Calling upon you thus they suffer because while you wait the day grows. They know the

unique value of the things of the morning. Before you came to the village—alas! the boy had left for the Rand. And before you had met him at the Rand, the boy alas—had returned to the village. How could a mother of boys, herself, not have thought of this? And the girl—

"Where is that tall daughter of yours, black like night and young, who used to walk abroad with you?"

"My daughter! She has gone to sell her body for me. My husband did like me once but has cast me away. I am ill. Did he give me money to get well? No, indeed, not a tomato! Not he! My daughter asked her husband for money to buy medicine for her mother, and he also refused. 'I have no one else belonging to me—I cannot let Mother die!' says my child. So she has gone to offer her body to any one who will advance money for my treatment."

"Within the cast of the net of the Church," says Father Victor, "come in some way or other, raw heathen, natives advanced in education, natives caught up in their hundreds of thousands in the mines, natives in town locations and natives in country reserves." And in the early morning and in the backwaters, there is a catch so precious that the lonely fisherman who are there suffer. Before they go out they tap at your window—begging you to come too. And when they come back they

Native Built Village Church, Cameroun
A Penny for Sunday School, Cameroun

tap at your window begging you to go out. Then one day they come to tell you that the fish have gone down stream. The fishing now is all of another kind.

It is of another kind. That girl, when she has returned from earning for her mother is of another kind than the girl she was when she left the village in the early morning. There are thousands of her kind, coming back into the forest in their high-heeled shoes. And for them too, there is a best to build on. But is it not to be regretted that at their birth there was not one to go to see the little newborn with an ear of corn in each hand? For so was Jewel Schwab taught to do by the old chief who saw her going in to visit a baby empty-handed—"Never do that!" he told her, and he thrust an ear of corn into her either hand. And so does the servant of God meet the primitive African, with an ear of corn, pressing it into his hand, equipping him for the struggle of life as he is to know it. Only it is as you see, a matter of early rising, else the young one has gone on a journey, and the hand has been held out to another giver.

The primitive African has always been responsive to the Word of God when addressed in his own tongue. The laughers, the mockers, the persecuters—how soon they have melted to the Word of God! In Uganda, where the persecutions were most marked and severe—how short a time

they were—six or seven years—and now at the end of the first fifty years, one sixth of the Baganda are Christian, and the king of Uganda is Christian with a Christian wife—of the eighty-six members of the native parliament seventy-eight are Christian.

Mr. Richards is building the station of Banza Manteke in the Congo and the Natives will not help him. "Why should we?" they say. "We have everything we want. Let the white man build his own house." But one day when Mr. Richards is singing as he goes along a path between two villages a man who is walking with him suddenly says—"White man, I believe those words."

"Do you really believe?"

"Yes, and I will follow them." And he did. He was the first of those thousands who have made up the great caravan of the people of God in the district of Banza Manteke.

The Hardy Christian

That man was greatly persecuted in his village and had to escape to avoid the poison ordeal. The primitive African is not a soft Christian. Nothing in his long immemorial struggle with the supernatural has made him soft. Nothing in the rites and ceremonies of puberty has softened him. Mrs. Ennis says that among the Umbundu people there is a death rate of thirty per cent in the circumcision

camps. The women of primitive Africa are not soft. When an old woman says to a group of women —"Christ is our husband, let us serve Him," she is not meaning anything less than an entire hardy self-sacrificing service. When Bishop Jones administers Holy Communion on Christmas day in the beautiful church of Toro he remembers how eloquently Bishop Tucker had written of his first visit to Toro in 1896,—telling of Kasamanga, its young king, and of the Queen Mother and of the Queen and of how he had baptized these two women, calling them Victoria and Damaris. "Well, after a quarter of a century here they all were still, these three to come up to the Communion rail on Christmas day.—Victoria and Damaris were the two first Toro Christians to whom I administered the Holy Communion. What a noble constancy has been theirs!"

That noble constancy is shining out of the faces of unnumbered African Christian women. It is the complement of the quick and ardent response of the African to the Word of God. It is one of those best things on which the Church is to be built—it waits wherever in the villages there are men and women asking to be trained in the things of God. Its growth and fruit attend upon Christian education and training. In Nyassaland, Anna Daoma, who was taught by Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, was as late as 1922 still living and

working as a teacher in Capetown. What a noble constancy has been hers!

I stress this constancy at this point because of our hardness of heart. When we read of the abandonment of the African to his God, we wonder—well, how long will it last? When we read of a young West African girl, in a pioneer station, one of several converts coming up to a Christmas service with an offering. And whereas in this neighborhood the offerings were small things from the gardens, or a penny—and that was a great offering—this young girl took out a silver coin and gave it. The coin was worth almost a dollar, the missionary took it, to avoid confusion, but he could not think where she had got it. He thought she might have stolen it, or that she did not know its value. So he spoke to her after the service. She said that she had wished to make that large offering, and that she had gone to a neighboring planter and had bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life. Strange tale, isn't it? Doesn't seem reasonable. But they seem to feel that way about their religion. It is as if these servants of Christ were bidden in their hearts to do whatsoever the Spirit of God told them to do. They make their sacrifices after their kind. Bodumba, son of Ibia, tells the Corisco Presbytery of a young girl in his parish who was coveted by a white man of authority. The young girl refused

him on the ground that she was a Christian. Her father was called to account and he said: "She is of age in these matters, let her say." She refused and she is dead. If she had agreed she would still be living. But that young girl, bred up among the second generation of the Christian people of Corisco, chose rather to die and be with Christ.

You read about them in books—the old medicine men that come to give up their charms and amulets—but you never guess how much they relinquish. It is their means of livelihood they give up. Here is Yepga, the Mvele, and he is coming in from a forest village with a package tied up in tattered dried banana leaves. "Here it is," he says,—"the divining outfit of old Mbog Mis; he whom they accuse of killing our Chief by piercing his shadow with an arrow as the two of them were walking alone in the forest. The Lord has softened his heart and he will divine no more, this he promises. He will become a child of God and here is his pledge." Mbog Mis was the greatest diviner of all the central Basa country and not without honor among his own people; his village was large, his wives were many and he had acquired them all by means of this very outfit that he has turned over to Yepga, the man of God. A profession and a professional outfit are laid aside in that cover of tattered leaves.

It is not for us to know how naked and vulner-

hungers—the sense of family and the sense of tribe. To be blessed by God as a family, that is the dear wish of the African Christian; and to be blessed by Him as a tribe, that is another of his dearest wishes. For this he will struggle until the last member of his family has been drawn into the family of the children of God, and in his feeling for the welfare of his tribe there is the hope of its conservation. The mission that overlooks these instincts in the primitive African at the moment of his first Christian encounters is far from interpreting his mighty dream.

"On Sunday," says Dr. Lerrigo, "the people seemed to have blossomed. They had evidently been saving their best for Sunday. A piece of faded calico had been the prevailing style but today the whole group has effloresced. They have suddenly become a surging sea of color; brilliant scarlets, yellows, green, magenta, purple, blue, orange—not merely the primary colors of the rainbow, but every intermediate tint. The women on the green before the church form a kaleidescope of patterns and hues as they come and go, mingle and separate. How happy they are. It is the greatest occasion in some of their little meagre lives."

They seem to Dr. Lerrigo to have blossomed and they have blossomed. It is the spring of the year with their souls. Their tendrils have laid hold on a supreme God and are blossoming.

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"We Have Come to Draw Water"

The Church

In 1925 the first church in the Cameroun interior celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. This is Efulan Church.

Like all decent Bulu they went to church in their best. Dr. Johnston says, in speaking of the aspect of that great company of five thousand Bulu, "one of the present elders of the church would be surprised if he could see himself as I saw him one day long ago, after the Bulu had looted a trading post on the beach—dressed in a plug hat, patent leather shoes and a loin cloth."

That was the delight of his heart twenty-five years ago; it was the fulfillment of a dream.

"As we looked over that sea of black faces, what a monument of toil they represented. What miles of travelling through burning heat or drenching rain as ministers went from post to post teaching, exhorting, disciplining; what hours spent by doctors ministering to the sick; by teachers instructing the young; by the women missionaries going about on errands of mercy, visiting with the women in their smoky thatched huts. That little group of six baptized by Dr. Johnston in 1900 as charter members of the first inland church of Cameroun has become the nucleus of a Christian community whose influence is ever growing. The youngest of these charter members was Nlata Bikom, the first man from the Bulu tribe to be ordained and

now a man of influence among his people. From this mother church have sprung five other churches, and instead of six church members there are six churches."

The Lord's Supper was held in the afternoon. Sixteen hundred and fifty church members broke the native corn bread, and the wine was served to each in his wooden spoon. There was no one to ask now as there had been when this sacred rite was first administered to six Bulu, "What kind of medicine charm is this?"—for it was well known to all their neighbors that these were they who had found their supreme God upon whom if they did but lean, they would not fall.

From the first day to the last day of this anniversary of a Church which supports its own native ministers and nearly fifty evangelistic workers, and which may be said to have evangelized its own territory, the concern of the people was the needs of the distant pioneer work in Bafia. Remembering the service of their own young men to their own tribe, as teachers, medical assistants, and other types of service, they remember those of their number who have gone far afield, and cast about for leaders who shall follow them.

The Gift

And speaking of leaders, and praying for leaders, they prepare themselves to support them.

And there and then, in that clearing in the forest, they demonstrated two things that have been demonstrated everywhere and forever by the African—that there is no lack of leaders, and no lack of willingness to support them. There never has been such lack. There is only in us, a lack of force to train them.

Let us begin with the second proposition—that they are ready to support them, and let us approach it on its lowest level. There on the lowest level is an old Makae chief talking to a young teacher of an alien tribe. He is claiming that the people of his town are prepared to do their best by the teacher they are hoping to have. And he says, "It is true that we do eat people up here, but we would never eat an evangelist." This reassurance is dated 1926; it is authentic, and proof that the people of one group of the Makae are ready for their Christian leader.

To continue in very small things, in one collection center in a certain mission an envelope had been coming in with the collection envelopes—for in that mission as in some others the envelope system was in use—and the giver of that envelope could not be identified by the evangelist of the district. Traced to a village, it was found to be given by a mother in the name of a baby yet to be born.

It is hard to pass without lingering over the romance of church collections. Many remember

and doubtless many still see in pioneer fields, the offering in its primitive form. On the day of the organization of one of the greatest churches in Primitive Africa six members were received into charter membership. The offering of the day consisted of six bunches of beads, one tennis belt, forty-three agate buttons, one ebony hairpin, two felt hats, one small tin basin, one package of native food, forty chickens, four eggs and many other things. In money value about $35. In purchasing power $350.

The writer once saw, and in war time, a young buck who was much interested in his personal appearance put a pair of light green trousers into the collection basket, and it was his only pair—he wore a beaten bark loin cloth. The offerings in that same field are now in coin. There will almost certainly be a coin for every member of the audience.

Dr. Lerrigo cannot forget some of the financial transactions he saw in Congo. He remembers forever Isake Nuendo, that "little man with straggling whiskers and earnest face, clad in ancient khaki coat of faded hue, a pair of ragged trousers, but neither shoes nor hat." He was making an impassioned address when Dr. Lerrigo saw him, and it was about generosity. "It seems," says Dr. Lerrigo, "that he is receiving ten francs per month, and that during the seven months preceding this exhortation of his, he and his family had contrib-

uted forty-eight francs to the Christian work in his country. In a village of that district where the inhabitants were complaining that they were too poor to increase their gifts, it was pointed out to them that money was forthcoming for every other purpose and it was discovered that a poor widow neighbor of that village was giving more per week than the Chief himself. Following her example, and inspired by the eloquent Isake Nuendo, every village in the district agreed to assume the support of its teacher and the expense of the work."

At stated intervals the eighty outstations of the church of Bailundo in Angola gather at the mother station, and they bring their offerings. These amount to about seven hundred dollars and they administer these funds themselves, to the end of the spread of the Word of God. These poor and naked people, for so Dr. Riggs says them to be, sitting about in counsel with their seven hundred dollars before them, are blood brothers to those chiefs of the Fingoe, who, wishing for a school for their sons (and that school was Blantyre) brought their 2,930 pounds to Dr. Stewart, saying: "There are the stones—now build."

The Servant

The leaders exist and they have always existed. I could prove one statement as well as the other, but you may find them for yourselves in all past

accounts of how ready to hand the leaders have been, from great ones like Khama, the King, and Crowther, the Bishop, to least little ones like the first of the fifty-six girls who were reported as teachers when the American Zulu Mission in Natal celebrated its Jubilee in 1885. Or that young Liberian girl who was present at the memorial service for Mr. Buschman, of the Lutheran Mission, and who heard her elders asking, "Who will take Mr. Buschman's place?" and who rose to say: "I think that the persons to take Mr. Buschman's place are the young men and the young women in the mission schools. If we take the lessons he has taught us and give our lives in teaching our brothers and sisters about Christ, we ourselves can take his place."

They have always existed and they exist today —from great ones to meet great needs, to those whose capacities are adequate for the needs that are near them. When the Gold Coast Government was looking for a vice-president of Achimota, the Prince of Wales College, they found one in J. E. K. Aggrey. When the Bantu Women's League of South Africa were looking for a President they found one in Mrs. Maxeke; she heads that influential organization in its study of questions that bear on native women and children and homes. When the Johannesburg Probation Officer looks for an assistant in his Juvenile Court he finds one

in Mrs. Maxeke. "She is in great demand," says Mrs. Bridgman, "in all parts of the country—fluent and witty, she can sway European and native audience alike." When Portuguese East Africa was looking for an interpreter to America, she found one in Kamba Simango, her child, born to a diviner in a primitive village of Rhodesia. And when Christ was seeking for Himself an interpreter to the heart of the people of Rhodesia, he found that same one in Kamba Simango, child of an American Mission.

These are marked men and women, in the eye of a continent, or of more than one continent. You may well say that the number of such leaders is limited, and there would be a Bulu ready to tell you, "The little parrots have eaten all the nuts of the palm tree"—and that is a way of saying that some are small but able. And the Bulu have another phrase for a thing that is carved or forged, and it is fitted for its purpose—of such an object from the hand of a master workman they will say, smoothing it with the hand—seeing it with the eye of the hand—"This is a thing that fits the hand."

So there are leaders in primitive places, themselves primitive, meet for primitive needs, and they fit the divine Hand. The work they do, in that Hand, has all the marks of being hand-tooled. For the people and the time and the place, the work could not be bettered. Every missionary will know

such leaders, but you would never know them if you were to see them in visiting a mission. Themselves they would seem to you to be just common bodies, and because your stranger's eye is not focused to the scale of the doings of the primitive place, you might miss the significant progress of the things they do and lead others to do.

The Philanthropist

Certain old men of a neighborhood into which the Schwabs had come for a beginning, came to see George Schwab on an important matter. He had given their young men gorilla meat to eat, and that meat is forbidden among them except for the mature members of the tribe. They begged the white man not to make the mistake of giving to young people either gorilla, chimpanzee, python or crocodile meat. The white man agreed, saying that the mistake was his, as he was new to their local taboos. Three years later these same men came to the white man to say: "Our village and huts we have turned over to the many sick who have come flocking into this neighborhood since the doctor has come. We moved out of our huts and built shelters for ourselves and families. We give them all the food we can—most of them have come so far. We do all we can to help, but they have such terrible diseases and afflictions, that we fear for our wives and children. So we

have come to ask what we are to do? We are Christians and do not want to be hard of heart to these poor sufferers who must lie down somewhere while they wait to be cured by the doctor. What are we to do?"

How little you would have known them, those old men, for what they were—and they were the leading philanthropists of Basa. Those whom they had sheltered and fed were of clans that were their hereditary enemies, and in so interpreting their Christian duty, and in so leading off on their own initiative into the new ground of charity, they were as truly leaders as Dr. McCord's nurse, Julia Magwaza was when she went into a South African Government hospital to nurse the venereal cases that others had refused to nurse. All they lacked was their training.

Maria of Bafia is a leader, Mohammedan by birth, aunt of the Big King of her tribe. When middle-aged she became a Christian woman and an outcast from the King's court and her family. She makes a little garden of her own and busies herself with women and girls. She houses girls who go to school. She pursues women in their gardens—wherever women work she follows them. Especially she befriends timid women who fear their husbands or the dark, secret systems of their tribe. She tells them of Christ and that He rose again. Above all other news she likes to tell them

that He rose again. The Bafia women remember that she left a King's house to be their friend and the servant of God and they respect her very highly; they listen to her, and of those who believe in the Word she tells them, she keeps a little tally of pebbles—this is the best she can do—not being trained.

The Organizer

There is a medical outpost in a forest neighborhood and the man in charge of it is a leader. His name is Mbula Mfum.* He has a hospital of 178 beds. He had an idea that industry was good for his patients, and there they are at work under his care—blacksmiths making knives, axes, hoes and other tools; woodcarvers producing bowls, spoons, little stools; basket makers busy, potters busy, and Mbula Mfum busy. For he has a school as well as a workshop and a hospital—"That the patients might learn to read the good news and take it back to their people."

Mbula is too wise a leader not to have an assistant in his school. Ten year old Abesola, who has brought her enlarged spleen to that hospital, is his assistant. There are the makings of a leader in that child, as any wise head there will tell you. All she will need is the training. Training is what Julia Magwaza had, and Mbula was trained—but

*Medical number of *The Drum Call*, a publication of the Presbyterian Mission, the Cameroun.

the old Basa men, all they had was the love of Christ in their hearts and a willingness to do what they could, and they were driven at last to come to the white man asking, "What are we to do?"

Our Part

There is our opportunity, and the thing that is expected of us—that we shall train them. Do not make a mistake; it is an enormous task—and it is the least we can do. We have come to the Kingdom of God in Africa for such a time as this.

There is not a mission in Africa but cherishes the names of such men and women. Ask the Baptists about Mpambu, and the Lutherans about Pederson, and the Presbyterians in the Cameroun about Bekalli, and the Presbyterians in the Congo about Bajikili. Ask about Bishop Ferguson in Liberia, ask about the American Board pastors in Natal, who have never been paid a cent in the whole of their pastorates and many of whom pretty nearly starved at first. Ask the Methodists about Chimbu, the leper, and Elizabeth of Elizabethville.

Whoever you are and of whatever household of the family of God—how can you not be knowing of your African brother and sister—their service and noble constancy—the lives they live—yes, and the deaths they die? You who are a Congregationalist—how can you not be knowing of Edna

Mgoneli, who lost her first baby and who was told before the birth of her second child that she must be very quiet till it should be born, but who could not refuse to nurse her people during the epidemic of influenza when in 1918 so many Africans died. No white nurse could have done better than she did and when her last case was convalescent she wrote to the Doctor who had trained her and who had hoped that she would have her second child: "Don't think that I wanted to disobey you —I kept still till they called me to the sick. I remembered my three years in the hospital and how I could help when others could not. So I said to the Lord, 'I am called to do this hard thing. I must go and You must take care of my baby.' "

When her child was born, both child and mother were too tired to live. In a few days they died of the influenza. These are not things to be forgetting. They are things that are true, that are lovely, that are of good report—in thinking of these things and in publishing them we are perhaps overcoming in our own heart and in our family and in the small place that is ours in the world—that most terrible and evil thing—race prejudice. We might become by thinking of these things and following after them—a little less like that man of whom the Bulu say in a proverb: "You walk alone. Where are your brothers?" More like that Zulu Bokwe, of whom Max Yergan told me that the white people

in Johannesburg were heard to say, "That's no Kaffir, that's John Bokwe." More like that Zulu Makewani, of whom Mr. Yergan said that he had had many children and that these had had many troubles, but that he had known how to help them and how to comfort them out of the depth of his trust in God. More like Christ, and more ready to do our part in a world where He is making all things new.

For we have a part to play and we know what it is. The Room is large, the task is great, the time is short. "Nothing is adequate," said the Conference of the Friends of Africa at Le Zoute, "to the situation which the Christian Church has to face in Africa except a new birth. There must be an outburst of new forces comparable to the breaking forth of fresh life in the Church more than a century ago, which found expression in the birth of the missionary societies. If there is to be a rebirth of the missionary movement, it will mean a rebirth of the life of prayer."

We must be like the Ashanti, remembering our Supreme God, upon whom if men lean they do not fall.

Our Heavenly Father, help us to see that in this pagan there beats the pulse of a man, a creature created in Thine Own Image. May we be ever mindful that there is something of the lost sovereignty still left upon him and that all the original glory has not faded from his brow.

Hasten the day when Africa can acknowledge Jesus as Saviour and King.

Grant to all who enter the new tribe, most loving and ever merciful Father, the utmost faith in the final results of a good life. May they not be afraid of a world that has in it things that disappoint their ideal, but relying upon the power of the Chief Headman, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to press forward to the mark of the high calling. May they feel that the Lord hath chosen them to be a peculiar people.

Help the missionaries in their aspirations, in their attitudes, in their service and in their worship to present the credentials of the new life that is theirs through faith in Jesus Christ.

We pray that we may not be led away by the wisdom of the world which is foolishness in Thy sight, but that we may realize that Thou alone, who art the fountain of wisdom, wilt impart to us grace needed for our task in Africa.

We are depending upon Thee. Thou hast never failed us in the past, and we trust Thee for this day.

We leave our prayers where all prayers belong, in the shadow of the cross. And to Thee shall be the glory and honor and honor and power for ever and ever. Amen.

This is a prayer written for this book by J. Fletcher Bryant, an American negro minister.

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Those who study Africa in the next year will find themselves to have access to a wonderfully rich, fresh and fascinating literature. Especially and extraordinarily good, as a study of modern Africa from the standpoint of a wise Christian student, is

THE GOLDEN STOOL by Edwin W. Smith, George H. Doran Co. 1927. $1.50

I should advise any one who can to read this book.

It is to be supposed that Christian women will turn to the books and leaflets published by their own Boards that they may familiarize themselves with their own work—they cannot do less than this. Most missions at work in Africa publish on the field periodicals that are intimately African. And the women surely will hunt through the missionary magazines for African papers.

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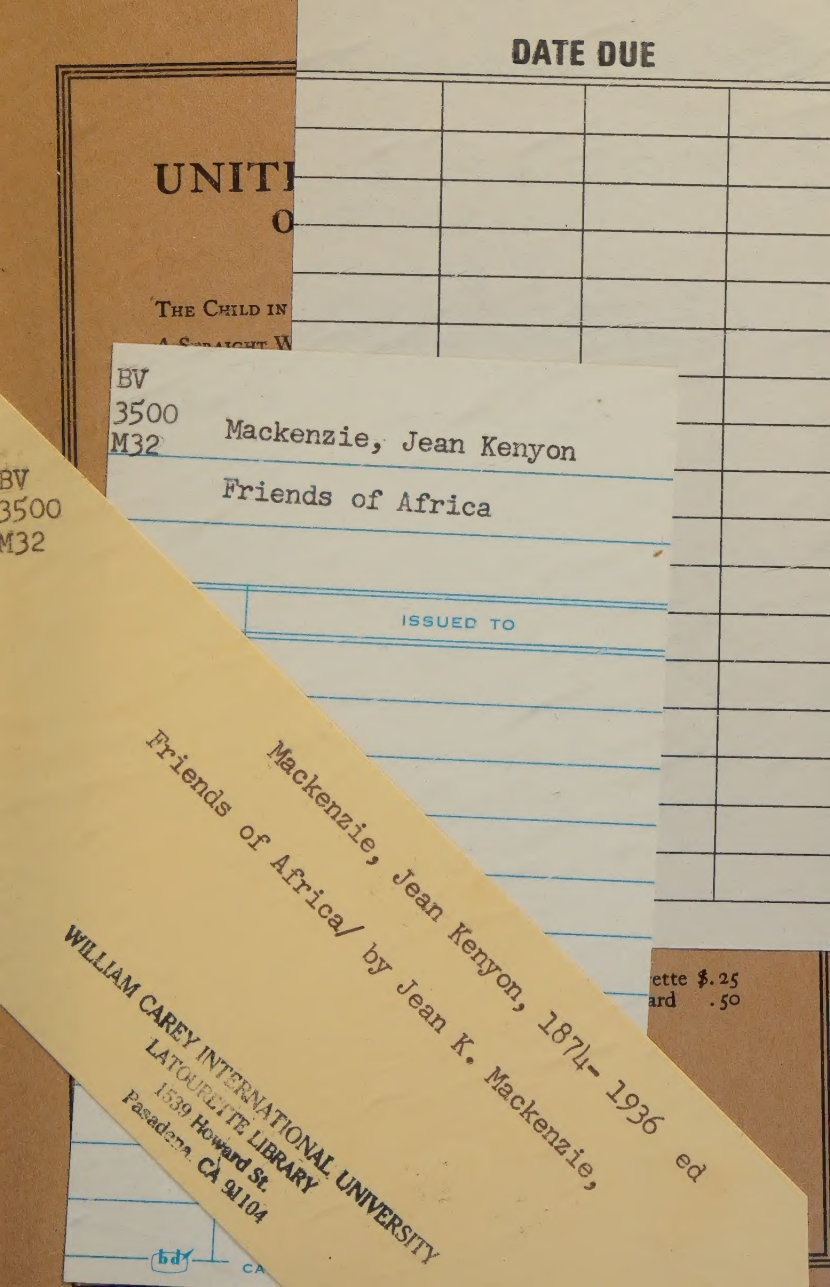
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